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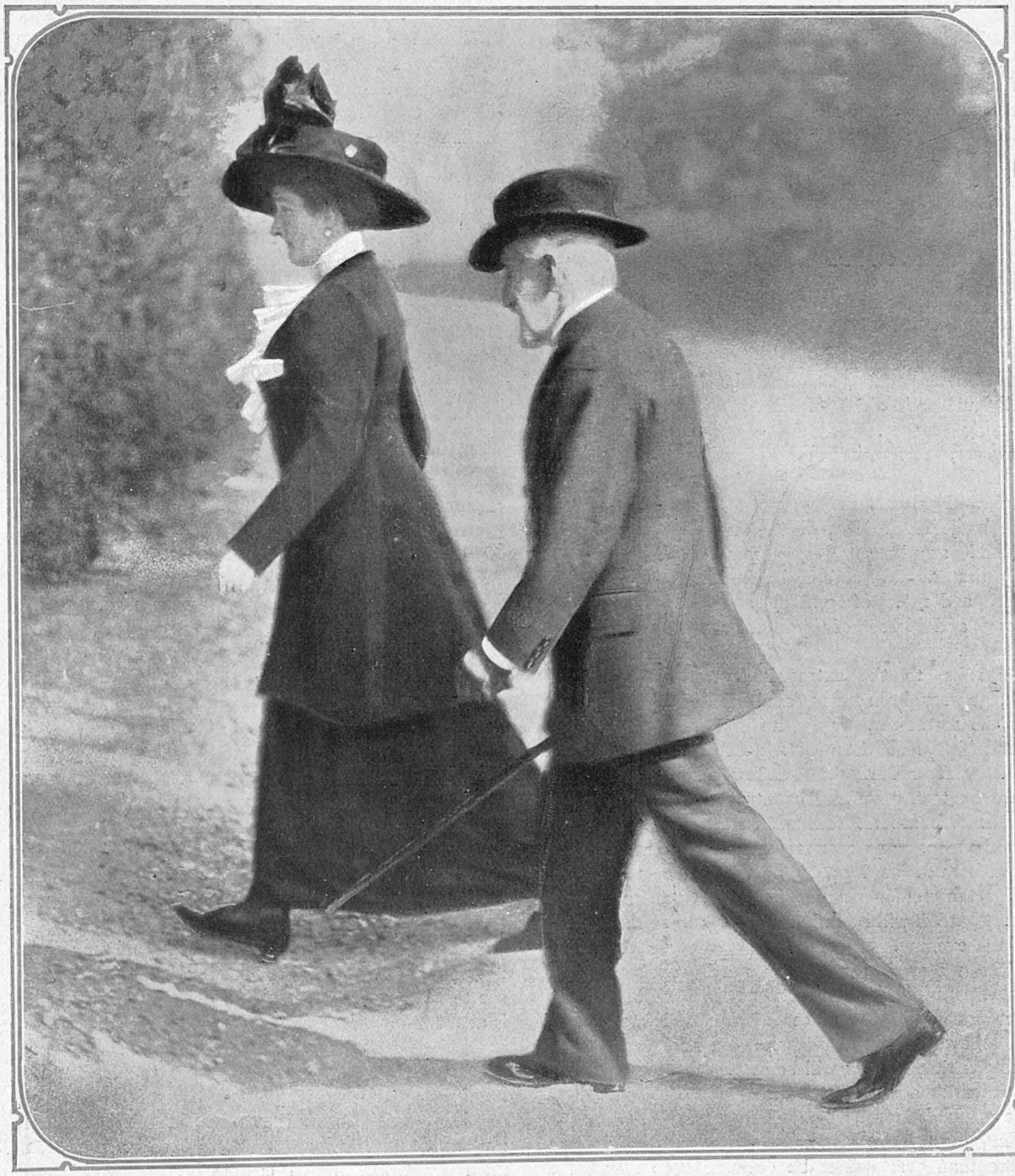


PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF BELGIUM OUT WALKING AT FARNBOROUGH

She and her fiancé, Prince Victor Napoleon, are paying a visit to the Empress Eugénie. The Princess is a daughter of the late King Leopold, and the Prince is Pretender to the Throne of France

"The Bystander's" Autumn Supplements

THE FIRST NEXT WEEK: A WORD IN SEASON

NEXT week's issue of THE BYSTANDER will enclose the annual Hunting Supplement, in which will be found a beautifully illustrated forecast of the season's prospects, portraits of practically all new Masters of note, photographs and drawings of interest and beauty, a complete and authentic list of foxhounds, with details of *personnel*, days of hunting, etc., and in addition a double-page impressionistic colour-plate by Lionel Edwards, entitled "The End of a Good Day," which calls imperatively for framing and hanging in no obscure corner of one's smoking-room.

As old BYSTANDER readers know well enough, supplements of this kind, dealing with outdoor sports and indoor hobbies and fancies, are regular features of the paper. There are, however, every year, many thousands of new subscribers, particularly to a journal with so fixed an eye upon the rising generation as THE BYSTANDER, and to these I take the opportunity of pointing out that such special supplements are additional to, and in no way a substitute for, the general contents of the paper. On the contrary, when special subjects demand extra space, it is our practice rather to give the general reader more than less, and this will be religiously adhered to during the coming season. In the case, however, of hunting, gardening, motoring, country-house furnishing and decoration (some of the subjects dealt with in our special supplements), one may say that nowadays these become more and more of general and less and less of particular interest.

OUT NEXT WEEK
A Greatly Enlarged Issue, Brilliantly Illustrated
USUAL PRICE—SIXPENCE

Thanks to the extraordinary change wrought in our national life by the motor-car, "Back to the Land" has, from the Society point of view, become a practical fact. During the last few years the distinction between townsman and countryman has been swept away. We are all townsmen now, and we are all countrymen. The man talking politics in the club to-night will be hunting in the Shires to-morrow, while the woman pruning her rose trees in a South Coast garden will be in her stall or box at the theatre in the evening.

The motor has not only made townsman and countryman interchangeable terms, but it has also done much to make us cosmopolitan. Nowadays we are all everywhere. To-morrow one might go farther, and say that nobody will be anywhere—in particular. We shall be a people in motion (though I hope not as the result of invasion).

Intelligent journalism must adjust itself to the times. More than ever will it be our policy to reflect the ubiquitous modern taste. We shall endeavour more and more to make town talk interesting to the country, country talk to the town, English talk to the Continent, and Continental talk to England—to make everything interesting to everything else. We take up a central attitude, free from prejudices of place, sect, clique, or party. We smack of everything, yet nothing in particular. Our contributors, modest men and women all, are content to form part of a general scheme. Ours is no airing-ground for notoriety. Talent must toe the line; eccentricity must clean itself; genius must get shaved. All have to be BYSTANDERS, and THE BYSTANDER point of view is now a factor in current journalism.

I wish to take the opportunity of assuring readers that THE BYSTANDER, in all essential attributes, stands precisely where it did—and a little firmer. It was the *first* illustrated journal to adapt itself (defiant of advertising prejudice) to the shape now universally recognised by the public to be ideal. It was the first light weekly to adopt (modified) the attitude of Pistol—"The world is mine oyster, which I with my *pen* will open." It fears not to have a mind on national affairs and to speak it, to report Society and yet to criticise it. It has peeped into everything, from the Chancellery to the prize-ring. In criticism of the usual things we have eliminated, so far as possible, the tiresome expert, with his conceits and his pedantries, in favour of the average Bystander, to the disgust, perhaps, of Dry-as-Dust, but to the general approval of the reader. BYSTANDER artists have wisely left behind the broad farcicalities of the Victorian humorists in favour of the satirical humours of the day. They endeavour to think with their pens and brushes, and the same is to be said of BYSTANDER photographers with their cameras. In fiction to be true to human life is the watchword of our story-writers, who belong not to the bloated ranks of "well-known" but not always very competent novelists, but generally to those of ordinary men and women of ideas.

The public to which this class of journal appeals is not an unlimited one, but it has a particularly shrewd eye to its money's worth. One thing, however, there is about it—it dislikes to pay too little for its luxuries as much as it does to pay too much for its necessaries. Good taste is not sparing. It likes to pay for its indulgence the price which it knows will make production worth while. That price, in the case of an illustrated weekly journal of high class, has been fixed by tradition and custom at sixpence. The price of THE BYSTANDER is SIXPENCE, and, with its hand on its heart, it asserts the belief that it is worth it.

THE EDITOR.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Court in London

THE King and Queen are to be at Marlborough House this week for a few days, but will leave for Windsor as soon as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have departed for South Africa. Windsor Castle has been for some little time in the hands of the decorators. The great drawing-rooms overlooking the East Terrace (which was built by Queen Elizabeth), and also the State dining-room and the great reception-room, have all been redecorated, and on top of the Victoria Tower the Royal nurseries are now a shining example of the very last word in domestic furnishing. I hear, by the way, that the Royal children are anticipating with immense pleasure their stay at Windsor. It has been conveyed to them that, as a place in which the game of hide-and-seek may advantageously be played, the ancient fortress of their forefathers positively has no equal.

The King's Sport

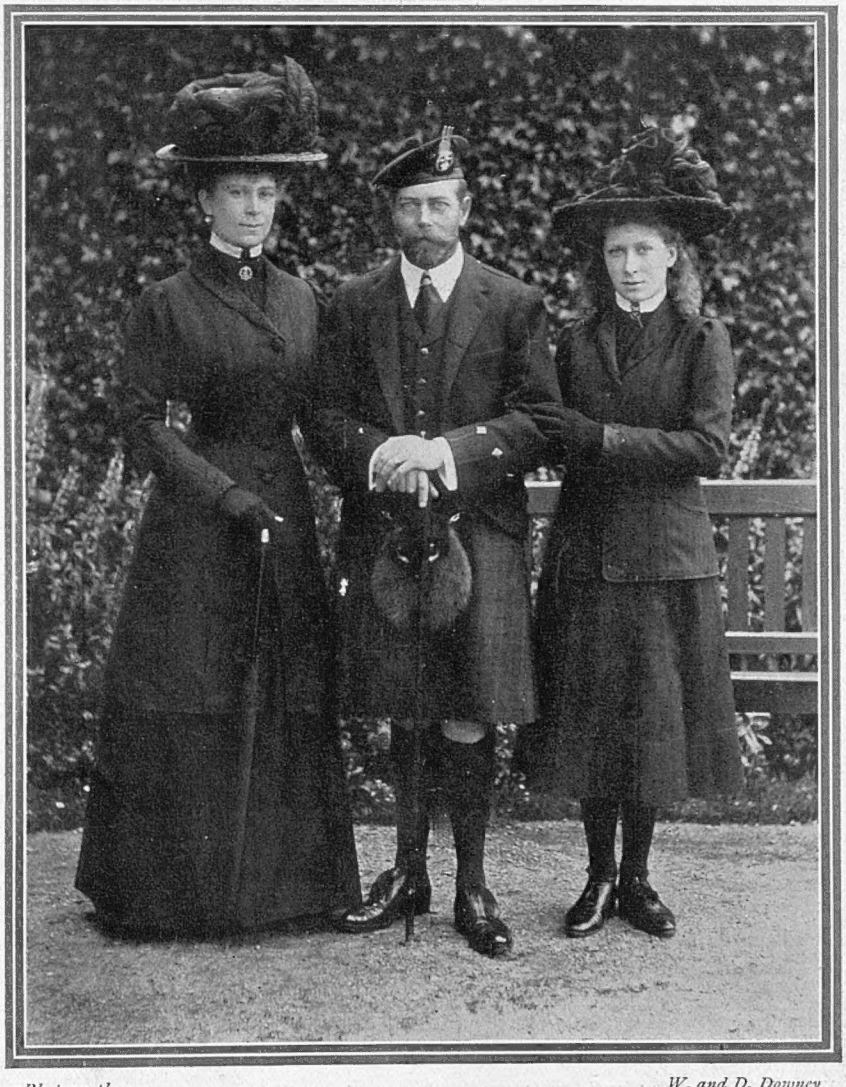
Until early next year, when the Court comes to London for the season, Windsor Castle is to be the permanent abode of the King and Queen. An enormous amount of detail work has been planned by the King for accomplishment between now and February next, much of it bearing on the Coronation, which will take place immediately the year of mourning for King Edward comes to an end. Shooting at Windsor in the Great Park and at Sandringham, where all coverts have passed into the King's hands, will be His Majesty's chief winter relaxation, and it is probable that some three weeks—one for partridge driving towards the end of October and two more for the pheasants and some wild-duck shooting in December—will be spent by the Court at Sandringham, York Cottage being made use of as a shooting-box.

The Season 1911

What an enormous difference it will make to everything—trade, Society, the public generally—if, as at present intended, the Court is regularly in residence at Buckingham Palace from early February till late July. Scarcely within living memory has the Court been in residence in London for more than a few weeks on end. Queen Victoria for many years went to endless trouble to avoid coming to her capital, and would travel night and day rather than sleep a night at the Palace; and of late King Edward's protracted sojourns abroad and Queen Alexandra's tardy returns to England have caused the season to begin so late that it lasted barely two months in all. King George takes his most high office very seriously. Six months of the year in the capital and the other six in the country, at Windsor or in Scotland, he considers a fair division of labour. The extent of the benefit to the nation of these opinions is at present incalculable. But it will probably prove a far-reaching one.

Emulating Alfonso

Imitation is the sincerest form of, etcetera—it is an axiom drilled into us from our youth up—and so it



Photograph *W. and D. Downey*

Their Majesties in the Highlands: The King, the Queen, and Princess Mary

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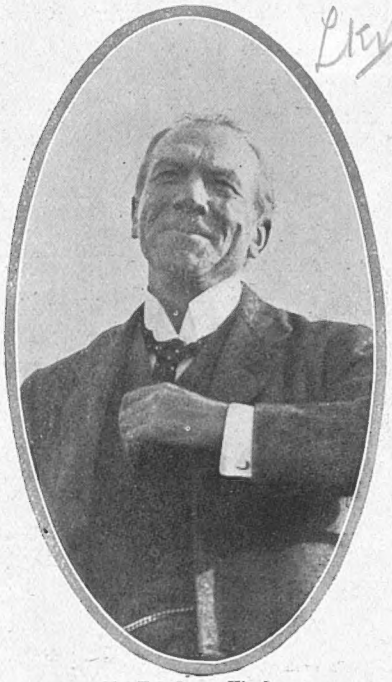
was, I suppose, only to be expected that the brothers-in-law of the King of Spain would, sooner or later, emulate the Royal example and start "scorching" on their own account. But great Kings may do what little princelings mayn't, and it is to be hoped the affection of the Battenberg Princes for their sister's husband will not too often be demonstrated at the rate of forty-two miles an hour and £5 down, with costs. It is the sort of thing that amuses us in the King of Spain, but would soon prove boring in a native.



Mr. Urs Opens His Season

No. 1—Glasgow

"Since the days of the South Sea Bubble there has never been seen in this country an imposture of such mammoth dimensions as Tariff Reform, nor one which has revealed so thoroughly human nature at its worst, or human intelligence at its lowest"

The Handsome Battenbergs

As far as the expense is concerned it doesn't, of course, very much matter to the brothers of the Queen of Spain and the Princess Beatrice how many times they are fined. They are in a very different position financially from that of their sons of the very well-dowered father, who, when he first came to England on the look-out for a wife, brought his face and nothing else for fortune. For Queen Victoria, however, that was enough. She could not resist the attraction of a handsome (masculine) face, and often declared that, having married an Adonis, she could not "abear" henceforward even to look upon the plain and insignificant. The Battenberg Princes do not at all resemble their father. Though all so delicate-looking, they are in appearance much more like their robust mother.

They Will Now Change Their Constitution

It now being impossible to make it pay in the present state of the law. This picture shows the executive of the Labour Party: Top Row (*left to right*): E. R. Pease (Fabian Society), H. Orbell (Dockers), G. H. Stuart (Postmen), Mr. Middleton, Peters, J.P. Middle Row: W. Barefoot (Woolwich), P. Snowden, M.P., W. Walker (Carpenters), J. Stephenson (Engineers), W. C. Robinson (Textile Workers), W. Hudson, M.P., J. Hodge, M.P. Bottom Row: J. R. Clynes, M.P., B. Tuner (Weavers), Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., Keir Hardie, M.P., A. Henderson, M.P., J. Walsh, M.P.

Autumn Racing

The autumn racing season, in many ways more alluring than the spring, set in in deadly earnest last week, and from now onwards, till the flight to the East begins and the croupier's cry succeeds the bookies' blandishments, the whole business of life is chiefly a question of gees. The First October last week, Kempton Park this, the Cesarewitch next, and then, in rapid succession, Gatwick, Sandown—prettiest of all autumn meetings—the Houghton at Newmarket—very select indeed—Newbury, Lingfield, Lincoln, Liverpool—a positive pilgrimage from course to course. To the mere "middle-classer," indeed to the man who can't afford to bet and hasn't got time to play, the programme even suggests a slight monotony. It would. For he has never known, poor dear, the joy of having "something on," and the delights of making money without working for it with money you've never worked for are quite outside, naturally, his purely commercial comprehension.

"Sir Grey" Shooting at Stanton-Harcourt, Gloucestershire

"Where *are* the Balkans, what *is* the Triple Alliance, and who is Cassel?"

The Cesarewitch Winner?

Whether Bronzino wins the Cesarewitch to-day or not, Mr. James de Rothschild, his owner, is certainly, in the world where the saddling-bell rings the hours, the Man of the Moment. Very few race meetings—no Newmarkets, at any rate—could take place without him, for of all the well-known racing men "Jimmy" is, perhaps, best known. He and his cousin, that Mr. Neil Primrose the death of whose Cohen aunts made a very rich man before even he had left the 'Varsity, are to be seen together constantly, generally in the highest of high spirits, at all the big race meetings in the country.

Another Actress-Peeress

It was not altogether a shock the news last week that yet another lordling had sought a bride in worlds whose denizens are not yet catalogued in Debrett. Among the gay young bloods of the day to marry a musical-comedy lady is quite one of the correct things; there is a spice of brigandage about it, for is not the opera-bouffe star the desired of all beholders? And to have snatched her to oneself under their very eyes is a deed of derring-do reminiscent of Arthurian times, when the distressed damsel behind castle walls was the desired prize. And the twenty-four year old Lord Torrington is nothing if not dashing. In Maidenhead the very dogs tremble when it is known his lordship intends to run his car through High Street; and one of his dearest friends is Tod Sloan (who was best man at the wedding), himself was a bit of a scorcher in his day.

Photograph Lallie Charles

Mary, Lady Inverclyde

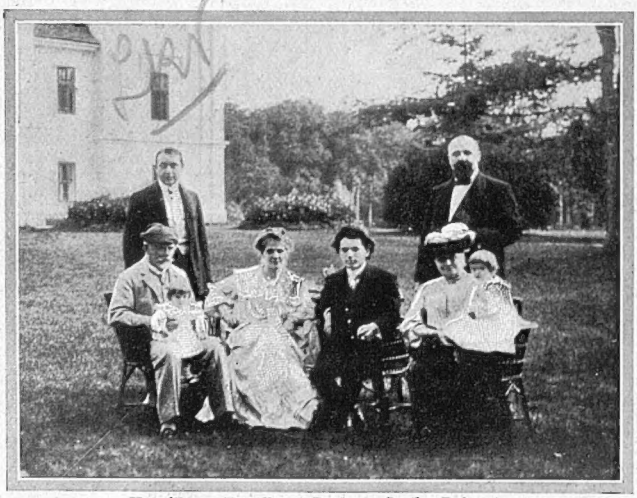
Photograph Bassano

General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O.

One of the most interesting weddings of the season—that of General Sir Archibald Hunter, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, and Mary, Lady Inverclyde, widow of the late Lord Inverclyde—will take place at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, November 1. The Archbishop of York will perform the ceremony

Journalism Insulted and Unavenged!

Oh, where and oh where is the newspaper spirit of to-day? Is journalistic *flair* a thing of the Victorian past? Listen to this. Last week, several special correspondents, including the brilliant young representative of the *Daily Mail*, were deliberately attacked and badly injured by sabred policemen in the streets of Berlin while motoring quietly on their duties through a well-lit and tram-lined public street. Where have been the indignant headlines demanding an apology for the outrage upon the journalistic profession? Where the portrait of "our brilliant representative"? Where the interview with the Foreign Secretary, the diplomatic protests which "we" have insisted upon? Alas, nowhere! "Our own correspondent" is allowed to bleat mildly about his "maltreatment" in solitude and small type.



Kubelik en Famille at Bychory Castle, Bohemia

With the famous violinist are seen his beautiful wife and his two charming twin children. Kubelik is giving a recital at the Queen's Hall on Thursday next, October 6, at 3.15

The September October Meeting

As I surmised, the First October Meeting at Newmarket was not particularly lively. Nearly all the chief houses round about Newmarket were closed, and there were no parties at Moulton Paddock, Godolphin Lodge, or Queensberry House. Among those to be seen in the Jockey Club box were Lord Durham, Lord Villiers, Captain Harry Greer, and Lord Cadogan. The company in the Club Enclosure included Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady de Bathe, who was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Le Breton, Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, with their cousin, Baroness Margaret de Brienen, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. and Mrs. George Lambton, and Major and Mrs. McLauchlin.

Russian Fashions in Prospect

Next week, an it please you, you will find matters very different on the classic Heath. All the racing ladies will have returned from abroad with new gowns for the season, and the racing men will foregather in their thousands to witness the contest for the Cesarewitch. I hear of marvellous raiment that is being made for the autumn. I suppose you know, gentle dames, that Fashion has ordained that you shall wear the thinnest of materials for your dresses, such as voile, crepon, chiffon, or soft satin; but—and there is always a but—you are to wear over these summery costumes costly cloaks of fur, velvet, or brocade, and you may also wear fur on the thinnest materials as well as on the outdoor garments. This is following in the footsteps of Russian ladies, who wear muslins, chiffons, and other gauzy materials in their over-heated houses, and when they go out of doors, as Miss Squeers would say, are "a mask" of furs.

A Hint to Mr. Beecham

Let us hope that Mr. Beecham may have a good and prosperous season at Covent Garden between now and Christmas. Musical people ought to be very grateful to him for his bold enterprise, and it only wants the world of fashion to take him in hand and fill the stalls and boxes, then all will be well. Fashion can make or mar an opera season if it so pleases. Look at the way the great and good thronged to hear *Elektra* in February last. Will they do so again, and will other new operas appeal to them,

A Romantic Reminder

OF THE FACT THAT VISCOUNTS WILL STILL BE VISCOUNTS

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON (WITH THE VISCOUNT IN A CORNER)

Formerly Miss Eleanor Souray, a charming musical-comedy actress. She married Lord Torrington in Paris last Thursday. Both are race-horse owners and keen on sport

I wonder? Subscribers to the Grand Opera season declare that they are tired of *Bohème, Butterfly, Traviata.* Well, they are now to have a large and varied *répertoire,* and it remains to be seen whether they will make the present season a success. I think if Mr. Beecham announced two "tiara nights" a week he would make money. This is merely a suggestion.

Matrimonial Sensations

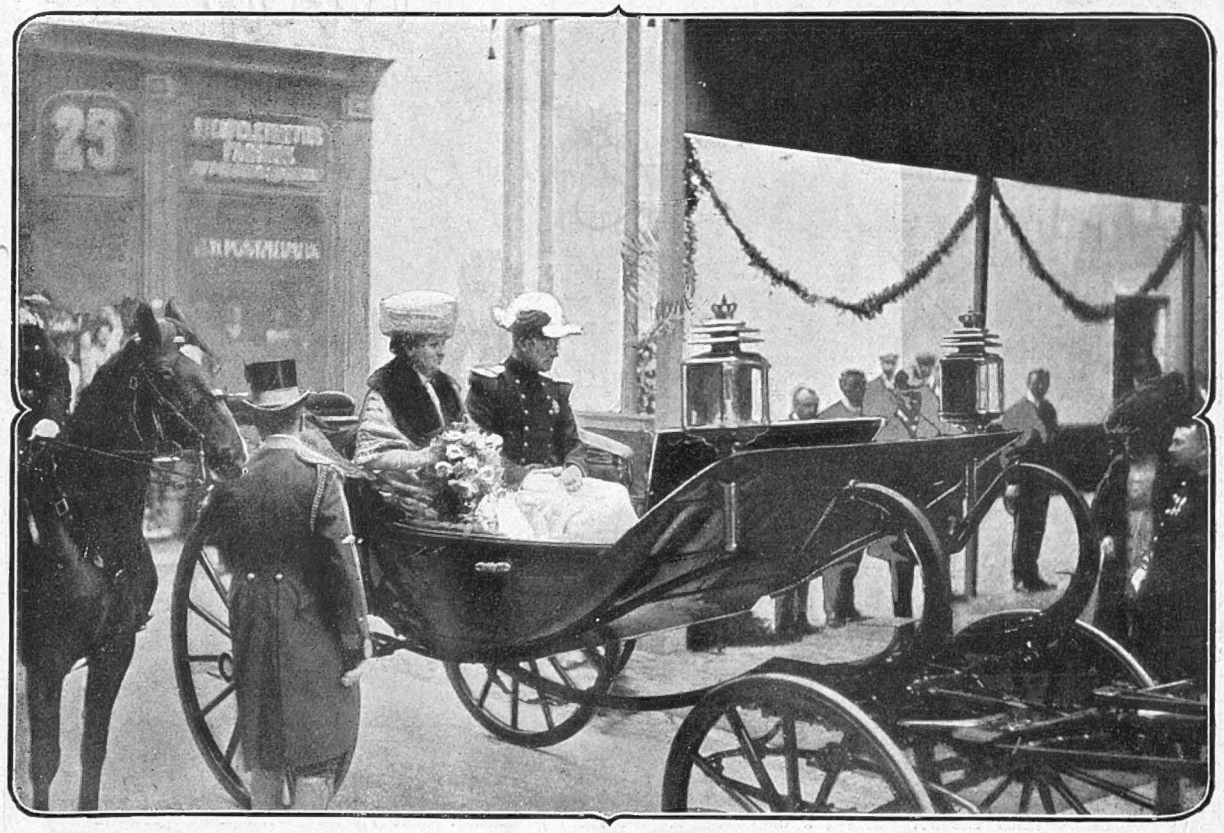
The autumn wedding season is at hand, and there are ever so many of what are termed "smart weddings" coming off during the next few weeks, including those between Lord Lovat and Miss Laura Lister, Mr. Wilfrid Sheridan and Miss Clare Frewen, and early in November there is the marriage of Captain Vandeleur, who is in the 2nd Life Guards, and Miss Violet Meysey-Thompson. This wedding will take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. I hear of one or two other engagements, but wild horses will not drag the names of the contracting parties from me.

The Tsar and his Daughters Attend Church at Homburg

During his visit to the Schloss Freidberg, the Tsar motored to Homburg to attend service at the Russian Church. The main object of His Majesty's visit to Germany was that the Tsaritsa might undergo a cure

To Pay or Not to Pay?

Was ever seen such confusion as exists on the simple question of Payment of Members? The Conservative party is at sixes and sevens in the matter, as is seen by conflicting Press views. The *Morning Post* wants M.P.'s paid, the *Telegraph* does not, while the *Mail* crowns its own record for political ineptitude by the suggestion of paying only those members who ask for it! Obviously it must be a choice between paying all or none. To introduce a money test into Parliamentary candidature would place constituencies under the heel of the worst form of tyranny—that of Mammon. A man who asked for payment would become immediately a pariah, and Ikestein a deity. To pay or not to pay? My good *confrère* the *Daily Graphic* proposes a referendum. But is it not rather a shirking of responsibility to put the onus of such a decision upon the electors? We vote one party or another into power, and we look to Parliament, while it sits, to settle these matters for us, one way or the other. As to the BYSTANDER'S view on the matter, it is emphatically "No pay!" Politics would most certainly be degraded if the office of M.P. became one of profit. But by all means let the State pay election expenses, and let it make it a legal offence for anybody whatsoever to importune a man, in his capacity of candidate, for subscriptions. And, also, let us abolish canvassers and political posters.



King Albert of Belgium Driving Out with Queen Wilhelmina of Holland at the Hague

The Belgian monarch recently visited his neighbour's capital, and was warmly received by the Dutch folk

Sporting Scions—With Mother

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY DESBOROUGH, WITH HER TWO ELDER SONS, THE HON. JULIAN AND THE HON. GERALD GRENFELL

Mr. Julian Grenfell is at Oxford, and is a lieutenant on the Unattached List for Auxiliary Forces. His brother Gerald is still at Eton. Both inherit the sporting instincts of their brilliant father

"F. E.'s" Plunge

Mr. F. E. Smith's plea for Payment of M.P.'s does not seem to have caught the "bosses" of the Conservative party. It is to be hoped that the brilliant young K.C. will go slow, and do nothing to cause a split. After all, he can do more within the party than without, and the Radicals have enough of the brains on their side already.

Redmonds are Cheap To-day

Mr. Redmond has been fluttering Radical dovecotes. He has gone so far as to say that he believes in the sincerity of their friendship for Home Rule. That is alarming enough, in all conscience. But, to make matters worse, he adds that, sincere or not, the Irish have the power and the will to make them toe the line. But have they? Has it not occurred to the Irish leader that if the Conference agrees on the Lords question, they will carry their joint policy over his head, and that an attempt to upset the Constitution at the beginning of the new reign, in the interests of Irish separation, will be defeated by an alliance of both parties? Irish political stock stands not where it did last spring. It has fallen like autumn leaves—or Consols.

"Airmanship": A Plea

With the death of Chavez, may one again express the hope that the promoters of prize aerial contests will rest on their laurels? This summer's toll of fresh young life is a heavy enough one, and enough has been done for honour. As a minute point, I would also suggest that that unfortunate word "airman" be quietly dropped. I have already pointed out that it fails absolutely to give an idea of the scientific character of the pursuit. Its life, hitherto, has been uncharmed. One "airman" (that is, air-showman) after another has succumbed. Let us return to aviator or aeronaut, and by the use of these terms restore the aerial navigator to scientific rank. If, however, "airman" continue, let us use it with the idea of distinguishing the type of man who flies for prizes from he who flies for the furtherance of knowledge—as one distinguishes the Suffragist from the Suffragette.

T.P.'s New Rôle

Congratulations to Mr. T. P. O'Connor on his appearance as a magazine. I think he will suit the monthly, and that the monthly will suit him. There is some truth in his claim for more brains in the magazine. Too long has it been the mirror of silliness and sensation, and too long has it been the medium for the exploitation of mere notoriety. A magazine reflecting the thoughtful and versatile individuality of one man (as still does the admirable *Review of Reviews*) should succeed. Monthly magazinedom needs emancipation from that accursed word "miscellaneous," and T. P. should be the man to perform the heroic feat.

The Bishop of Ely (President) Speaking at the Church Congress

"The Church has its spiritual problems. And of all these—and they are very many—the chief and the most vital is the maintenance of a constant and unwavering conviction that the source of our life is the supernatural source, and the basis of our life a supernatural basis. The practical confession of this primary Christian truth is the supreme need of our time"

The next issue of THE BYSTANDER will be specially enlarged, and will include a

20-PAGE HUNTING SUPPLEMENT,

and a beautiful coloured plate,

"THE END OF A GOOD DAY." BY LIONEL EDWARDS.

Some Personalities of the Autumn Opera Season at Covent Garden

Mme. Edna Thornton
The accomplished English soprano

Mr. Robert Radford
A very fine basso, who has long been popular on the concert platform

Mr. Thomas Beecham
The initiator of the enterprise, also its conductor

Miss Maggie Teyte
A popular and pretty soprano

Mr. Harry Dearth
A popular, robust baritone of great experience

Mr. Walter Hyde
The English tenor, who, at all events, sings his parts well

Madame Edyth Walker
Dramatic soprano. Elektra a speciality

The Thomas Beecham Season which started on Saturday last at Covent Garden is splendidly catholic. Operas by Offenbach, Wagner, Strauss (even "Salome" if the Lord Chamberlain allows it), Bizet, d'Albert, Mozart, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and others are all promised

A BYSTANDER IN CANADA

(Being the Record of Your Representative's Tour through that Hopeful Country)

III.—THE SAGUENAY TRIP

A YOUNG American sat next me at dinner my third day in Quebec. He was travelling for his pleasure, he said, but to judge from his strained face travelling for his pleasure was one of the hardest jobs he had tried. He told me that he had just been doing the Montmorency Falls, and that they had made him tired. Had I seen Niagara? No? Well, to a man who had seen Niagara—— ! He gave me the relative proportions of the two Falls, and seemed put out when I said I thought the Montmorency were beautiful, anyway.

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep." The English poet who wrote those words had seen nothing better than a little fall in Westmoreland; certainly not Niagara. Perhaps he was not travelling for his pleasure at the time. I did not say all this to my neighbour, but he seemed put out, and said he supposed I was English. Everybody in England, he added, was asleep. I turned the conversation by asking him if he considered New York to be the sort of place worth a visit. A silly question—only he happened to be a New Yorker, and all that tiredness left him.

I learnt that New York *was* worth a visit.

Afterwards—but a long time afterwards, when we had got to the ice-cream and I knew quite a lot about New York, considering my ignorance at the start—a Scottish-Canadian asked me if I had done the Saguenay trip. I had not done it then, but I have now, and I am almost persuaded he was right in saying, "Don't you miss it. It's the finest trip in Canada. Yes, sir."

It takes just two days from the wharf at Quebec to Chicontimi and back, and you go in a spacious sort of house-boat which paddles along at just the right pace, first on one side of the river, and then on the other, stopping to load and unload at the little villages along the St. Lawrence. There to the left were the Falls that had made that young American tired, a great sheet of silver hung from the cliff; then the Isle d'Orléans, which Cartier named after the grape-god four hundred years ago because of the vines that grew there. It is history all the way, if you care for history; and with a fine mist hung over the river, as we had, you can see the country to-day just as Cartier saw it when he came sailing up. Not four hundred, nor four thousand years will entirely reface the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is too great.

Take that thirty-mile stretch where the Laurentides drop sheer to the water. That is what Cartier saw—nothing different. No houses, no people—only the grey rock growing out of the green trees, and the grey sky overhead. Lower down, and with the sun shining—as it did for us—Cartier would see—if he could come sailing up to-day—all those quaint French-Canadian villages that have sprung up along the shores—Baie St. Paul, St. Trénee, Murray Bay, Tadonsac—with the white farms of the habitants and the summer homes of the Quebecers and Montrealers, and the shining spires of the churches, and the wooden piers jutting far out into the river. These piers always seem cheerful places, full of porters to run up freight from our hold, and ladies in gay frocks greeting friends on board, and small habitants playing about or smoking their pipes. The habitant seems to start his pipe from eight or nine years of age.

Our passengers were mostly Americans—but cheerful ones—not like that young man at the hotel—and we were all keen to see everything, even when it was dark. We stopped at one place in the dark for two hours—I forget which it was—Tadonsac, perhaps, which Cartier himself would have recognised, since it was there that he first heard wonderful tales of the Saguenay from friendly Indians. At this place we all got off. There were a few shacks close by the pier, and in one of the best-lighted of them a placard stating, "Buy Work from the Only Real Indian." A simple advertisement, but it fetched many of us in, and later I saw one stout tourist issue forth laden with three toy bows, as many miniature canoes, and what looked like a couple of patchwork bedspreads. I, who still cherish the Red Indian illusions of my boyhood, found something pathetic in this. That the descendant of Braves should live by making patchwork bedspreads! Far rather would I have seen that stout tourist come out scalpless, or dangling at his ample belt the raven locks of the Only Real Indian.

In the night we went on to Chicontimi, but I saw nothing of that, being asleep. The bracing river air ensures sleep. Only as we came down the Saguenay again did I wake to its beauty and strangeness. Man has learnt to tunnel through mountains at last, but the Saguenay did this for itself thousands of years ago. A water-tunnel through the sheer rock—a roofless tunnel, open to the sky—that is how it strikes one, especially at that point where Cap Trinité looms up, a wall of darkness fifteen hundred feet high.

We did the right things when we got there. We threw stones at the Cap from points whence we knew it was impossible to hit it, and tried to produce echoes just where they would not come off. One always does that sort of thing at a famous place. And some of the white whales which are characteristic of the Saguenay showed themselves obligingly at the right moment. (I like this feature of Canada. If you are told that you will see some special thing at a special point, it is always there. It does not merely exist in the imagination of the guide-book writer. And I am ready to believe now that behind Murray Bay it is quite easy to come across bear or caribou.) For my part, I would just as soon have had the silence. The last great river I came down was the Hoogly, where by day the kites wheel and shriek overhead, and the air buzzes with insect noise, and by night the jackals scream ceaselessly. A noisy river—full of treacherous sand-banks, and its shores green with the bright, poisonous green of the East. It seemed a pity to come back from it so soon, but, then, the rest of Canada lies in front of me.

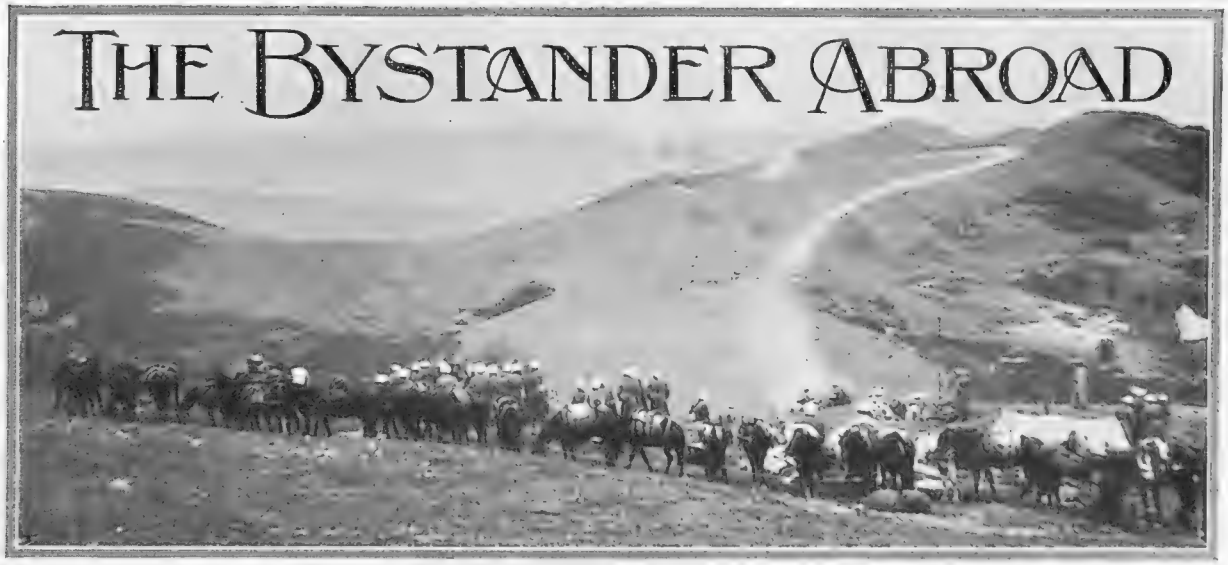
R. E. V.

Montreal's 100,000 Al Fresco Worshippers

AT THE MASS HELD DURING THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

There was a congregation of more than 100,000 people in Mount Royal Park, Montreal, where Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, celebrated Pontifical High Mass during the holding of the Eucharistic Congress. The high altar erected for the occasion is seen in the centre of the photograph

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD



Where Real War is Always Possible: An Infantry Reconnaissance at the Manœuvres of the Bulgarian Army

The Turkish Loan

Nobody unfamiliar with the conditions of France as well as Turkey can understand the tangle into which the question of the Turkish loan has drifted. Even Sir Ernest Cassel, cosmopolitan as he is, seems to have had to recoil after his bold advance. He knows quite well that the Ottoman Bank is the medium by which the French investor has been reached for a generation. Its unpopularity in Turkey does not interfere with the fact that the French branch is managed by as powerful a group of bankers and financiers as could well be got together for any purpose. The difficulty is that the bulk of the money for the Turkish loan can only be got in France. It is only the French *épargne* which is available for such an investment. The French peasant, like the French *bourgeois*, considers himself almost a bankrupt if he is not saving money and putting something every month into "a safe thing" (*un placement de tout repos*). The way he or she—or, rather, she—looks for an investment is through the great banks, and the great banks are just the people who manage the French branch of the Ottoman Bank.

Sir Ernest Cassel

An excellent snapshot of the great financier whose name has been in everyone's mouth in connection with his effort to raise the Turkish loan in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna —or all four

France's Control of Turkey

These hard-earned savings are not affected by questions of Turkish credit or the employment to be made of the money when it is obtained. They know that when the subscription is opened at the offices on the recommendation of their trusted banks, the French Government has taken all possible precautions to ascertain that the interest will be paid. Of late years Berlin and Paris have been working a good deal together, but the money has inevitably been found in France. The Germans have grown accustomed to a larger return for their money than the French, and are more venturesome, and Germany's prosperity is largely due to this fact. This all means that France is going to play a part in the Near East which is out of all proportion to the actual force she can bring to bear. Without moving a single ship to the Levant, or any combination with other Powers, she will get what she wants from Turkey, in spite of Hakki Pasha and Djavid Bey's diplomacy, by the sheer fact that France will give her no money till she complies with her demands. Like the boycott of consumers, this power to refuse supplies is a new arm which can measure itself with armies. Just as France gave money to Russia as her ally and made the Franco-Russian co-operation a feature in the political history of Europe, she can now control the destinies of Turkey and dictate terms which may frustrate many of the little games which are being carried on just now at Pera. The Young Turks were reckoning without their host when they thought they could play off the financiers of different countries against each other.

A Wise Balkan Sovereign

In THE BYSTANDER last week we expressed a doubt about the accuracy of the *Matin's* statement as to the Turco-Roumanian military alliance, and showed why we considered it need have no relation, even if any existed, to the Triple Alliance. King Charles of Roumania has intimated his desire to pay a visit to England next year, and no doubt he has given assurances that his policy of independence of all ties with European States remains intact. King Charles is one of the wisest Sovereigns in Europe. To make all his fellow-Sovereigns friendly to his country and to embarrass himself with no preferences has been his chief solicitude since the unfortunate experience of 1878. Personally, he has a particular regard for England, and is distressed at the indifference of the British manufacturer for the Roumanian market, which he has now deserted for the benefit of German rivals.

Beauty and the Beast

Photograph *Donald McLeish*

AN ALPINE DISCOVERY

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

I WENT into a shop to buy a brace of pheasants. "*Chasseur?*" asked the shopman with a meaning smile. "That," I said, "is surely a matter for the cook." But the shopman smiled, got oily all over, and his face creased until I longed for a flat-iron, as he explained that *messieurs les chasseurs* liked to have their pheasants arranged for them. The price was only sevenpence halfpenny a pheasant, and when I had made my mind up that the budget would run to it, the greasy gentleman took down a gun and potted those defenceless birds, so that, as he explained, "Madame should ask no questions." For it is the season of *La Chasse*. And *La Chasse* is not hunting, be it understood, but shooting. It is not always even shooting, for Monsieur often is a bold, bad man, needs an excuse for absence, and is glad to pay that oleaginous Mephistopheles for shooting shot into his pheasants for him. Monsieur's little game in the Rue Marbeuf often wears fine feathers, of course, but if Monsieur were to take it home, there *might* be trouble. There is, of course, a *chasse*: *La Chasse à Courre*, which is hunting—staghunting. But that is a comic-opera diversion for aristocrats who dress themselves in green velvet and jockey caps, and whom one would expect to chirrup, "What shall he have who kills the deer?" every few minutes.

M. le Chasseur

Arrayed in claret-coloured calico, with baggy knickerbockers and a coat, the shape of which is of no matter provided there are lots of pockets

The *chasse* with which we have to do is done on foot, when it is not of the Rue Marbeuf variety. A Paris railway station in the shooting season is a delightful place to anybody with a sense of humour and not too strong a sense of smell. The costumes are so very gorgeous. When preparing for the *chasse*, your Frenchman starts operations by neglecting to shave for several days and neglecting to wash for one or two. Then, beginning at the other end with hob-nail boots, he blossoms into glory with puttees of bright sage-green, most marvellously folded. What a French shootist can do with a pair of puttees is too wonderful to be believed. I should never be surprised to see the ends tied round his waist. Then *monsieur le chasseur* arrays himself in russet-brown or claret-coloured calico, with baggy knickerbockers and a coat, the shape of which is of no matter provided there are lots of pockets. He wears no collar, so that the world may see that he is no mere drawing-room sportsman, forgets to brush his hair for the same reason, and tops up the whole with a squashy little felt hat of any colour which makes the most show—mustard-colour is rather a favourite. Then he hangs a gun-case on himself, and slings a beautiful string bag with scarlet fringes on the other side.

The result of all this is a long day's walk over ploughed fields, and possibly a sparrow. But there will always be a story about partridges and rabbits, and the bag often should contain a friend's dog. Shooting in France is not very expensive unless you preserve. Then, of course, you make a big bag, or invite friends to do it for you, and you get sick before the end of the season of pheasants and of partridges which run you into about a guinea a feather. But the ordinary everyday shootist in France pays twenty-five shillings for his licence, and for that he may walk about France with a dog and may kill what he can. The French Government is very wise in this respect.

The shootist gives the game an interest in life, and keeps it on the move, while he destroys so little of it that, were it not for expert poachers, the people in the big towns would have very little game to eat. But they will always know the season by the railway stations. There the first thing that happens to you is that you get entangled in dogs, while the hard edges of gun-cases and provision-boxes (your French shootist always looks after the inner Alphonse) bruise your tender ribs. Eventually you find your train, and you will see that half the carriages wear red and white labels, on which the legend, "*Chasseurs avec Chiens*," stands forth. If you be a student of human nature, put comfort to one side and travel in one of these carriages for once. You never saw such dogs. To call them cross-breds is absurd. They are unique. Most of them are a mixture

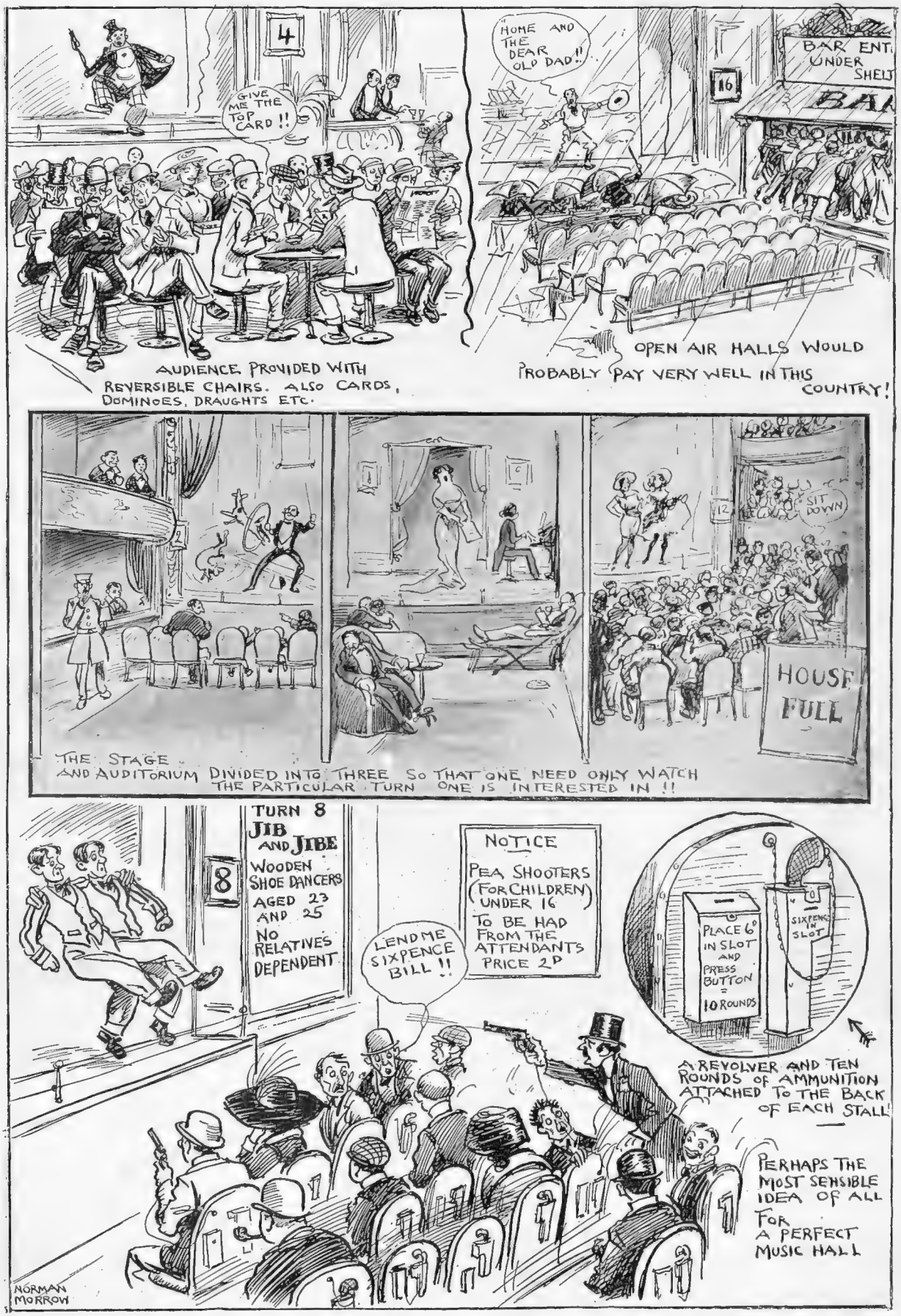
Sympathiser (*to suddenly bereaved friend*): "What a terrible misfortune! And to happen now, when you have only just booked a seat for the theatre to-night"

of a Dachs, a fox-terrier, a doormat, and a Great St. Bernard. I really believe that the shootist takes them with him to act Medusa-like upon the game. I am certain that if I were a nervous hare, and came face to face with one of these strange animals, I should remain just where I was in petrified amazement until the shootist put his weapon into my little mouth and blew me into smithereens.

And where these dogs lie hidden in the close season is quite a mystery. You never, never see one then. Before telling you dog stories, which you may or may not escape, the shootist lights a pipe. The pipes that *ces messieurs* affect are nearly as extraordinary in shape as are the dogs, and they have the peculiarity of always being new at the beginning of the season. The French shootist, I fancy, smokes cigarettes in ordinary life and only lights the pipe to show that he fears nothing. The pipe usually scores, though, and that is how you may with luck escape the dog stories. But it is as well that your sense of humour should be stronger than your sense of smell, because—well, just because.

The Ideal Music-Hall Programme

A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ON A CURRENT CONTROVERSY



An evening paper recently opened its columns to readers anxious to express their views as to what constitutes the ideal music-hall programme. Mr. Norman Morrow—in pursuit of happiness—sketches above some excellent suggestions

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE MAN FROM THE SEA" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

THIS is quite a strong play. The scene is laid in the severely correct atmosphere of a cathedral town. From the Dean's garden the cathedral itself is seen in the distance—where, indeed, it is sometimes cruelly alleged, most people are content to see it. We have a mild discussion between the Dean and a young man of the name of Pontifex Pye, who fancies himself an authority on Church history, and who seems to be writing a book to prove an undemonstrable hypothesis, and this, as everyone knows, is a task that calls for the close and undivided attention all the time. Then we come to the ladies and their share of Church work. There is Marion Lee, a widow of puritanical views, and there is Mrs. Daphne Averill, the Doctor's wife, a lady of rather more liberal principles. The first skirmish between the two, who are, of course, very dear friends, occurs over the case of a poor girl who has a fatherless baby. The ladies of the district are subscribing to a small fund for the purpose of helping the unhappy mother, and Mrs. Averill feels sure that dear Marion would like to give a trifle to so worthy an object. As it happens, however, Marion, while deeply sympathising with all cases of deserving charity, feels that to contribute in the present instance would be merely to encourage immorality, and she is not in that line of business. She declares most emphatically that the mother in question has done "the most sinful thing a woman can do." This is a nicely controversial point, and I know people who can argue about it till they have to take cough-drops to get their voices back; but it is merely introduced here to emphasise the puritanical cast of Marion's character.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Queen's Theatre

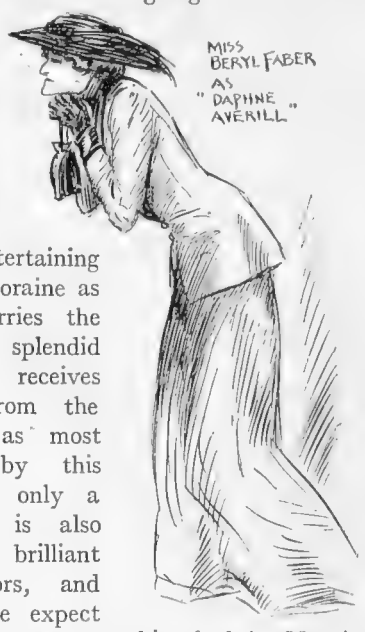
IN the course of subsequent conversation, somebody mentions the fact that Jan Redlander, the Dean's brother-in-law, is on his way home from southern seas, and that his arrival is expected momentarily. At the mention of this name Mrs. Averill starts violently, and becomes extremely limp. It then transpires that she is not the wife of Dr. Averill at all. She was married when quite young to a horrid man who is now "doing time" at the Antipodes, and although she and the Doctor are greatly attached to each other, and are living exemplary lives, the cold, prosaic objection remains that they are not married to each other, and that Jan Redlander knows it. As a matter of fact, Jan's exclusive knowledge does not worry him at all. When he comes on and hears that Mrs. Daphne Averill has settled down, he tells her she has done the best thing she could do, and she may be sure that he will say nothing about what he knows. Unfortunately, Jan's pledge to Daphne is overheard by the immaculate Pontifex Pye, who makes it his first business to communicate the facts, as far as he has them, to the still more immaculate Marion. Jan finds it very easy to settle Pontifex Pye by threatening him with personal violence if he should tell anyone what he has overheard; but it is not so easy to deal with Marion. She reminds him sternly that the Doctor and Daphne are not married. Jan's reply is, "Well, what of it?" As the answer to this simple and ingenuous question would require at least a dozen thick quarto volumes, and several street-fights, I shall not attempt it.

MARION is a woman, and here is one of the choicest bits of scandal that ever dropped from the clouds into a feminine lap, and she will be the first to pass it along. Of course, Marion does not put it that way, because Daphne is her dear friend, and everyone knows we never spread scandal about

our friends. Marion brings her conscience out, and, so to speak, lays it on the table of the House. Is it her duty to inform the Dean, in the interests of morality, or is it her duty as a friend to bear a friend's infirmities, as Shakespeare says in his frank and outspoken way? After a severe wrestle with her conscience she emerges from the contest with a clear idea of her duty. If Daphne will give up the Doctor and go away, no one shall know anything of her sin; if not, then the Dean must be told all, if not more. Daphne pleads with Marion for mercy. Her love for the Doctor is her very life, and, as a once-popular dramatist has said, you take the house when you do take the prop that doth sustain the house. But Marion can be persuaded to do no more than give Daphne a week in which to make up her mind. If at the end of the week Daphne is still posing as Mrs. Averill, the fur will begin to fly, or something of that sort. This scene, conducted between Miss Nina Boucicault as Marion and Miss Beryl Faber as Daphne, is one of the strongest you could wish to see, and is alone worth the price of admission.

THE days of grace go by, and the best thing that Daphne can think of is a dose of prussic acid, or some other over-violent stimulant. That, however, is where Jan intervenes so successfully. He has come all the way back from far-off seas to make Marion his wife, and as a man who is not troubled by too complicated a conscience, he begs Marion to say nothing. But her own conscience is too much for her, and even his pleading cannot stifle the still small voice that is gradually nerving itself up for a good big shout. Then Jan plays his last card. He calls upon Marion and tells the story of his love for her over again. With the prospect of her great happiness before her, she forgets for the moment Daphne and her sins, and can only think of her own future bliss with Jan in their island home. And just as she is clinging to him as passionately as the adhesive limpet clings to the intertidal rock, he informs her, in gentle and affectionate language, that of course they can't be really married because he already has a crazy wife in a lunatic asylum, where she is being tenderly nursed by well-meaning philanthropists so that her days may be long in the land. Marion naturally shudders at this news, and shakes herself free of his loving grip; but when he continues to plead, she is carried away by his eloquence and her own emotion, and, as the Gallic humorists say, throws her cap over the mill. In other words, she loves him so much that for his dear sake she will even consent to go out with him to his island home and lead a Life of Sin. I mean, there you are, don't you know. What's the good of arguing about it?

THEN it suddenly dawns upon Marion that her own case is not unlike that of the sinful Daphne. Naturally, she is now very anxious to keep from the ear of the gentle Dean the news of Daphne's lapse from grace; but, as a matter of fact, the news gets there in spite of her. Just how all this happens you will doubtless be going to see for yourselves; for whatever may be said about the controversial nature of the author's case, it must be admitted that he presents it in an agreeably entertaining way. Mr. Robert Loraine as Jan Redlander carries the play along in splendid fashion; and he receives double honours from the audience, since, as most people know by this time, he is not only a clever actor, but is also one of the most brilliant of British aviators, and one from whom we expect great things. Here's wishing him luck! Mr. A. Vane-Tempest gives a very clever study of the character of Pontifex Pye, who, under Jan's wholesome influence, develops from a mere worm into something very like a full-blooded man. *The Man from the Sea* is quite the best play that the season has so far produced. Mr. Locke has given us no better work.



JINGLE.

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MR. NORMAN McKINNEL: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Zena Dare, and Mr. Henry Ainley, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, may be obtained from the Publisher)

The Cult of the Literary Grandmamma

SOME REFLECTIONS ON LADY DOROTHY NEVILL'S MEMOIRS

A Personal Resolve

I have decided on a slight modification in the matter of my manners—*i.e.*, to be, in future, very deferential to the young person who demands autographs, keeps birthday and confession books, writes a diary, and solicits and collects picture-postcards. Hitherto one has regarded her as a mere nuisance. But now I see her in a new light—she is the Reminiscence-Writing Grandmamma of the day after to-morrow. She is of the stuff of which Ladies Dorothy Nevill are made. Also, Ladies Cardigan (separate sentence, please, printer; one must not blend them). To her will look the youth of the end of this century for genial laments over the passing of the good old days in which we at present are, without knowing it, so fortunate as to live. Or (another fresh sentence, please) for "impish anecdotes" casting a new and surprising light on persons hitherto of blameless reputations.

The Privilege of Grey Hairs

Of striking discoveries of the day the memoir-writing grandmamma is among the most notable. Thanks to her, books can now be made out of material hitherto wholly hopeless. Lady Dorothy Nevill, for instance (these notes concern more or less directly her *Under Five Reigns*, which the daily Press have already snippeted to death). Lady Dorothy Nevill's claim to literary fame is that her ladyship happens, though aged eighty-four, still to be delightfully alive. Well, then! In her life she has met many people and heard many stories. Why not put them down? Now, the hard, logical, literary person would regard it as improper to make a book out of mere shadowy memories. It is true one might have had a word with Manning, a letter from Darwin, or heard a rumour about Palmerston. But to devote a book to such things were only possible in—an old lady. In her the privilege to be vague and rambling is unchallengeable. The most disconnected ideas are allowable after seventy, and are listened to with respect. As for a link between wholly disconnected impressions, there is always the lament over the good old days. It can be made the cover for stories about anybody and anything.

Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mr. John Burns at the Opening of the Victoria and Albert Museum

One of the illustrations from "Under Five Reigns," by Lady Dorothy Nevill (Methuen: 15s. net), reproduced therein by permission of the *Tatler*

Hints for Budding Ladies Dorothy

Were one writing of to-day, for instance, one's secretary would pen a regretful platitude concerning, say, the latter-day decline of modesty. In the early twentieth century, he would remark, men advertised themselves quietly by comparing themselves merely with the Almighty (anecdote about the Kaiser), or they adopted methods of disappearance into, for instance, the wilds of Africa (anecdote Mr. Roosevelt), or by motor-cars over cliff-tops (anecdote Miss Violet Charlesworth). Actors, finding audiences insufficiently appreciative, would storm clouds in planes instead of barns in vain (anecdote Mr. R. Loraine). Pianists would be captured by Nihilists (anecdote Mr. Mark Hambourg). Dramatists would get themselves sued (anecdote Mr. Hall Caine) or censored (anecdote Mr. G. B. Shaw), and newspapers would content themselves with managing the national defences and dictating its diplomacy (anecdote Lord Northcliffe). Anyhow, it was nothing like what it is at the time of writing, and so on and so forth. It is easy, therefore, provided one only keeps a ready ear open and a pair of scissors and a pot of paste, to train at once for the glorious rôle of a reminiscing grandmamma of the reputable order.

Lady Cardigan's Next?

As to the Memoirs themselves—really, what can I say? They interest and amuse me. To be plunged back into the queer old days of the beginnings of modern things by one who belongs to those days, and does not really quite approve of their successors—well, is not that one of the most agreeable of possible sensations? The anecdotes are too numerous to quote, and not often really worthy of quotation. Besides, why anticipate your pleasure by picking out the plums and leaving you to munch the suet? Lady Dorothy is an absolute necessity of the moment, as a sort of milestone to show us exactly whither we are travelling. . . . Now for Lady Cardigan's next, and if the shades of our great aunts Tabitha and Amarinta protest — well, they should have been more careful how they behaved when on earth.

V. C.

"Those Were the Days When Bad Taste Reigned Supreme"

From "Under Five Reigns." By Lady Dorothy Nevill

Lady Dorothy Nevill

Whose new volume of Memoirs is now published by Messrs. Methuen (15s. net)

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER by Leonard Willoughby

Wrack on the Cornish Coast

Photographic Study by B. Ward-Thompson, F.R.P.S.

A ST. IVES COAST SCENE

The Meeting of the Lips of the Land and the Sea

Photographic Study by B. Ward-Thompson, F.R.P.S.

A COAST SCENE NEAR ILFRACOMBE

The Philosophers

BY H. M. BATEMAN

LITTLE-KNOWN PARIS

A FRENCHMAN'S ADVICE TO ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

(To be Taken with Extreme Caution.—ED.)

The Louvre, Paris

TO belated holiday-makers to whom the French capital may occur to be a suitable place in which to spend a few days, some hints about what to see and what to do will prove most useful.

The Rue de la Paix in the daytime and Montmartre at night are not (as most Americans seem to think) the only interesting parts of Paris. There are other districts of less notoriety that can also boast of attractive sights.

For some mysterious reasons, the tourist, who makes it a duty to see, for instance, every stone of Venice, absolutely neglects the monuments of Paris. When he is in the Gay City he seems to want something more lively. This state of mind is grossly unfair to the French architects of the past or of the present. Paris is rich in monuments, both typically Parisian and perfectly artistic, which can be

The Opera House

compared even with the Albert Hall and Victoria Station.

THE TOUR EIFFEL.—Although the Tour Eiffel is only twenty-one years old, it is remarkably tall for its age. Nobody exactly knows why this iron tower was built, but it is undoubtedly true that it costs a good deal to the French nation to keep it in a proper state of repair. It is repainted every five years in a different (and more ugly) colour. Standing against the blue (or grey) sky it inspires the philosopher and the Cook's tourist with deep and poetical thoughts. The flag over the third platform is forty-three yards high.

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.—It is not quite as high at the Tour Eiffel, but

The Madeleine

it is more elaborately carved. Seen from a certain distance it looks like a glorified Marble Arch. From the top (345 steps) one has a beautiful view. Standing with one's back turned to the setting sun, one can see the Champs Elysées, with its English bars and its graceful green trees, the Palais, and in the distance the Obélisque, which is made, as everybody knows, of the bronze of all the guns taken during the campaign of Russia by the armies of Napoleon; to the left and the right the aristocratic avenues Kléber, Victor Hugo, and de la Grande Armée, always full of wild motorists. (Tip to the *concierge.*)

THE LOUVRE.—The Louvre was built by Mansart as a kind of town

The Arc de Triomphe

house for Louis XIV. It is one of the most beautiful palaces in the world. One can easily spend a day (and many pounds) visiting it. There is no charge at the door. One can find anything at the Louvre, reproductions of the Venus of Milo and of Millet's "Angelus," as well as pure cotton socks for 0.75 centimes, and gent's vestings for 3frs. 95. The "works of art department" is really wonderful. All these are hand-made in the factory on the other side of the street. This factory is also interesting to visit, but it is closed on Monday, which is cleaning day (and a nuisance), while at the Louvre they have made a special feature of "sales" or "remnants" every Monday. The great window in the writing-room is the one from which Charles IX. shot at his people. Closing time, seven o'clock.

THE OPÉRA.—"With its balustrades, its colonnades, and all its gold, I confess the Opéra bores me," wrote La Bruyère. Still, it is one of the sights of modern Babylon. It is not necessary to go into it during a performance; it is cheaper (and one can see it better) in the daytime. It was built for one of the first International Exhibitions as an example of what science and art could do with solidified *charcuteries**. The steps of the great staircase are made alternatively of chicken and duck galantine, the balustrade is made of veal and ham pie, while the pillars on the first floor have still kept the yellowish colour of liver sausage. *Foie gras truffe* and hare-pie have been used liberally for the decoration in the *foyer*, and the caryatides around the ceiling are entirely made of lard carved then gilded. All this wonderful work shows no sign of deterioration owing to the method of solidification and to the varnish used by the architect-inventor.

The Eiffel Tower

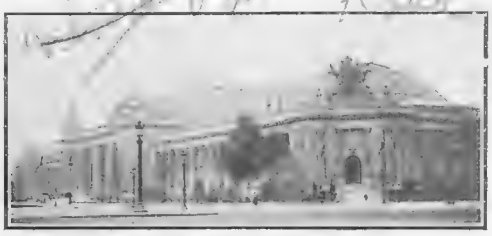
* French people call "*charcuteries*" any kind of pie, galantine, or sausage made of minced meat. It corresponds to the German "*delikatessen.*"

The secret of his method has, unluckily, been lost after his death. His statue in moulded chocolate outside the Opéra is not to be compared with the marvels of his own work. The performances are not without interest, but really the building is the thing.

THE TROCADERO.—This is another relic of our International Exhibitions. It was not erected by Messrs. Lyons and Co., and there is no restaurant in the building. It is now used for widely different purposes, even for concerts. From the top of the steps one has a beautiful view of the Avenue d'Eylan and the Metropolitan Station.

THE PALAIS.—These palaces stand among the trees of the Champs Elysées, and are used for exhibitions of pictures and sculpture. It is better not to be seen there except on "Private View" day or "Vernissage." The "Grand Palais" is remarkably enough bigger than the "Petit Palais," which is used for smaller shows. But the "Palais de Glace" is the most popular of the three.

THE MADELEINE.—Fashionable Catholic church in the shape of a Greek temple, where the smartest marriages take place, with red carpet on the pavement and the Lohengrin Nuptial March on the organ. The Madeleine was formerly a temple dedicated to the nation. The scaffoldings on the right are very curious, and date from 1789. The pillars belong to the beautiful architectural style known as "Empire-Ionic Corinthian."



The Grand Palais

THE RAILWAY STATIONS (North, South, East, West, etc.).—These landmarks abound. In fact, they are difficult to get away from. However, a day may easily be spent in any one of them. Best known to English visitors are the Nord and St. Lazare, admission to which is obtainable on application for ticket at Charing Cross (S.E. and C.) or at London Bridge and Victoria (L.B. and S.C.). Gratuities are expected by the officials, even at the Gare de Lyons.

POST OFFICES.—Several within city's boundaries. For whereabouts, apply Prefecture of Police. Search for one provides excellent opportunity for exploring lesser-known districts. The post office is usually the building that looks like nothing else. Don't be afraid to enter. Usually quite respectable, despite apparently extreme precautions against entry of strangers.

Such are the most curious monuments of the French capital. There are many others of minor importance and less beauty. Paris also boasts of several charming squares and interesting museums. A week in Paris is to be recommended to all tourists; to most of them it will prove both instructive and pleasant. But they must remember that, while they can visit all the beauties of Paris without spending practically any money, they must not try to have a cup of tea or a cigar; the former will cost them the price of a good dinner, the latter a doctor's fee.

X. Marcel Boulestin.

D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS AT HOME

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. George Alexander, with his Favourite Dog, taken at his Private Residence at Chorley Wood, Herts

The Swimming Lesson

BY G. E. STUDDY

Undine at the Empire

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MLLE. LYDIA KYASHT, THE FAMOUS DANCER,
WHO IS PERFORMING AT THE EMPIRE

The Authorised Version

By MARGARET BUTLER

"The distant Woman turns, close at hand, into Mrs. X. To the Woman a man can pray with abandon, but Mrs. X. demands the authorised version."—FRANZ BLEI.

WHO invented the shop-window? A genius, certainly. It must have been a philosopher, a psychologist, and a deep student of human nature. The shop-window is a barrier between the passer-by and the beautiful goods behind it. Barriers lure men. When they are transparent and impenetrable without considerable risk they are maddeningly attractive. A diamond ring behind a shop-window tempts one greatly. Go into the shop and finger it, and the pretty bauble seems very dead and ordinary.

Eunice Grant lived behind a shop-window—that is to say, she moved, and thought, and spoke in a small field hedged with aunts.

There were three of the aunts. Two lived in London and liked to see their pretty niece well-dressed but reserved, and the third, who lived at Canterbury, preferred that Eunice should dress at least as simply as her six daughters, but sing during the intervals at the vicar's readings.

Eunice was rather an emotional girl. Two of her aunts called her wilful, and the third eccentric. She was the daughter of two reckless young people who had married on five hundred a year and one thousand pound shares in the Wullamboloo Gold Mines, bought in a club smoking-room at 2 a.m. The young people had rather gracefully died together on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral, and Eunice was bequeathed (with the £500 per annum) to her aunts.

Eunice hated women, but was rather pleased that she was not a man. It is the way with most of her sex. Women like independence, but would never willingly wear silk hats and trousers. She met several men, all of whom interested her, and with most of whom she fell in love.

Not all men are polygamous, even in desire. But all women are polyandrous either in fact or ambition. Eunice was as moral as the spirit of the times would let her.

She knew nothing of marriage and its meaning. (There are quite a number of girls of twenty like this.) She simply knew that it was nice to have one's clothes pressed round one by an athletic-looking young fellow who owned gentle lips. It was nice to hear the male voice soften as one entered the room. It was nice to feel that men were quarrelling, quite silently, across the room as to which should take one into dinner. Eunice would have liked to have spent a year sitting on different men's knees.

Then into her life swaggered a glorious creature who wore the Guards' uniform. He was intensely handsome, but unusually intelligent. Eunice was the granddaughter of a fifth earl. He was the only brother of a first baron. The baron was old and childless. The title would certainly become extinct. He, married to the granddaughter of a fifth earl, might be able to persuade Someone to persuade the Highest Personage to pass the barony on to him by special remainder. Moreover, the girl had a dress allowance, and was enchantingly pretty.

He met Eunice in the Guards' tent during the Canterbury Cricket Week. Her Canterbury aunt, Lady Prowlett, had brought her to see the cricket and interest herself in the spectators. She was, of course, dressed no more fashionably than any of the Prowlett daughters, but the simplicity of her costume set off her gipsy beauty.

Captain Claude Bland saw one of his brother officers speaking to Lady Prowlett, felt sorry for him, looked again, and with difficulty suppressed an ejaculation of surprise at the beauty of the third member of the little group.

He waited till Jarvoise had left the two ladies, and then demanded from him an introduction.

"Everybody's keen on her, Claude. Wonder you haven't met her before. I'll find an opportunity in a minute or two."

He did, and Bland took a seat at Eunice's side.

The girl instantly admired her companion's good looks. Then as he chatted with her she experienced a very unusual emotion. She found herself speaking bashfully, found it difficult to look him straight in the face and reply airily to his witty remarks. For the first time in her life she felt distinctly uncomfortable in the presence of a man.

Luckily for the nervous Eunice the interview did not last long. Lady Prowlett carried her off to meet an old friend of her mother's, whose conversation, Eunice knew, would be inevitably domesticated and revivalist. Old friends of one's mother always talk like that.

That night Eunice thought for a long time of Captain Claude Bland. She wondered exceedingly why he had made her feel uncomfortable, and before she went to sleep decided that he was utterly hateful. He was the first man she had ever disliked, with the possible exception of her first music-master, who had sucked oranges while she practised.

They did not meet again until Eunice had returned to London to the shelter of a Kensington barrack

(All rights strictly reserved)

owned and occupied by her second aunt, who was accused by the Buckingham Gate subalterns of wearing spurs on her Victorian heels.

Captain Bland, thanks to a chance meeting, secured an invitation to dinner. Mrs. Drumcree, the second aunt, approved of captains. Field officers were old enough to be rude to her, and subalterns not. This only left her the captains. She took a great liking to Bland, and "drumcreed" his praises into Eunice's rather unwilling ear.

The girl saw a great deal of the handsome Guardsman—not always because she particularly wished it. Constant conversation with him did not rob her of her original nervousness in his presence. In his absence she found other men a little dull; but, frightened as she was to be actually left alone with Bland, she found herself eagerly anticipating his calls. Briefly, the girl was in love and did not know it.

One morning Bland pressed her hand tightly and held it a little longer than was necessary. She had stepped out of the lift at the Army and Navy Stores, and he had met her on the landing. Mrs. Drumcree could not bear lifts—she said that they made her feel like a Roman Catholic—and was plodding her way up the staircase.

Eunice coloured violently, and her lips trembled. Bland's heart leapt. The frozen beauty had at last shown a sign of melting.

"Eunice," whispered Bland.

She brushed away from him almost rudely, and went to the head of the staircase awaiting Mrs. Drumcree's accession with a wildly throbbing heart.

Bland was a man of action. Before he left the Stores he had a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Drumcree, invited himself to dinner that night, and arranged that he and Eunice should be left alone in the drawing-room for an hour after dinner.

Eunice knew, when her aunt left the room on some feeble pretext, what was coming. She steeled herself. She was angry. Here was a palpable trap, and she was not—she could not be in love with the man who had set it.

Bland wasted no time. He was as ardently in love as an Englishman can be. The girl had almost driven him to desperation in the past few months by her very reserve and her coincident friendliness with other men. He had cried, and ached, and sighed for a star. Now it was low on the horizon, and ought to be plucked.

There is only one way with an Army man, and there should be no other way with other men.

Eunice was bending over a music-stand. Bland put his two arms round her, and raised her face level with his. Her eyes were ablaze with surprise and anger. Bland was not in the mood to care.

"Eunice, I love you, dear. You must marry me."

She tried to wrench herself away. He drew her closer and kissed her lips.

For an instant she swayed, almost swooned, her face white.

Then, like a tigress, she broke away from him.

"You cad, you cad!" she screamed, and flung herself on the sofa. Her face was burning, and she covered it with her hands.

Bland stood like a statue, staring at her.

"My God, Eunice, I never—I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry. I really thought you cared."

She did not answer.

"I'll go. I'm awfully sorry." Hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, he moved to the door.

His hand was on the handle. The girl sat up. He heard her move, and looked back. There was almost a wild light in her eyes, a light that shone through him.

"Come, come!" she cried, and the voice was hardly that of Eunice.

He ran to her, put his arms round her, picked her up, and held her. He did not kiss her. He held her.

Before Mrs. Drumcree returned, Eunice kissed her lover, softly, as the sea-mist kisses the ivy on the cliff.

. . . . .

Eunice Grant was Mrs. Bland. It is rather a tremendous sensation for a man to find he has a wife, but it is an even greater shock for a woman to find that she is one. At first she liked it. What woman does not, for the length of her honeymoon? Marriages of convenience often produce quite enchanting wedding tours.

Claude was a delightful husband. He had made love splendidly. Their engagement had been rapture for both. And for some weeks after the wedding he had continued to woo her with an ardour that would have done credit to a poor Irishman looking for a dollared American bride.

Many a woman forgives the clergyman who joins her to her husband for the sake of the wedding-ring and the honeymoon. In the after years of stolidity she never forgets those two glorious things. But in three months Eunice mentally condemned the clergyman, and wished that she had never married.

It was very wrong of her. Claude was always courteous, dutiful, and affectionate. He treated her just as most Englishwomen ardently hope they will be treated by their husbands. True, the flames of his passion were now but pale flickers, but this was only decorous and as it should be in the sphere of matrimony. Byron had been replaced by Wordsworth, Grasso had faded into George Alexander.

It has been told that Eunice was a very emotional girl. It has been told that she knew nothing of matrimony and its meaning. But she had a splendid appreciation of what Love means in the great sense. Claude Bland had known how to love her. Three months after the wedding he seemed to have forgotten.

One night Eunice sat in her boudoir just before going to bed. Claude was late, at a regimental dinner She read while she waited his arrival.

Now and then she rose from her comfortable seat and looked at herself in the mirror. At least twice she altered the position of the long tress of raven hair that hung loosely from her head. Now she would leave it hanging down her back, now she would draw it over her shoulders.

Claude arrived home in good time, and came straight to her room. He knocked at the door.

Eunice tossed her pretty head impatiently, and asked him to come in.

He entered smiling, looking very handsome in his mess uniform.

"You shouldn't have waited up, girlie. You'll tire your eyes reading by this dim light."

He bent over her and kissed her forehead, patting her cheek gently.

(Continued on page 36)

A Modern Nellie Farren

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS CONSTANCE DREVER

Who has made a great hit in the "Chocolate Soldier," at the Lyric Theatre. A well-known critic has remarked on the likeness of her style to that of the late famous comedienne, Miss Nellie Farren. Were Nellie Farren parts written nowadays, he thinks Miss Drever would be just the actress to play them

(Continued from page 34)

"I'm not tired. I'd rather wait up for you. The light is all right." She jerked out the sentences in a hard fashion.

The inflexion of her voice meant nothing to him. She was his wife. He was kind to her, more than kind; of course she was happy.

"An odd thing happened at the mess to-night." He told her of the odd thing, and she had difficulty in restraining herself from yawning.

"What did you do this evening?" he then inquired.

She told him again in short sentences.

"Lucky girl," he said, "doing just as you like, while your poor old husband gets bored by superannuated Generals' anecdotes. Well, I'm off to bed, girlie. Don't forget, I lunch out to-morrow."

He kissed her, this time on the mouth. Her lips did not move under his, but he did not notice it. It was just such a kiss as a father gives to a new-born child.

Such was one of many nights. Eunice was at first puzzled, then suspicious. When she had tortured herself with the latter condition long enough to be thoroughly ashamed of herself she cried on the quiet. It was really very absurd of her, but it is not given to every Englishwoman to understand the English husband.

Claude, the dashing, ardent lover had become oleaginously ordinary. His kisses were gracious—to Eunice, patronising. Once they had seared her, and she had pressed the back of her hand to the place his lips had touched. His flattery, which had once seemed so sincere, now appeared grossly artificial. When he was away from her he wrote very frequently, certainly, but he seemed to write with a crutch.

"It is just as if I were his mother," reflected Eunice, "and he rather a scapegrace son not too sure how he stood in his mother's affection."

A great many women stand this sort of thing all their lives, and go to their graves without a murmur. They wonder about it in their hearts, but as soon as they find that wondering is not good for the complexion they become resigned, and take up spitefulness against young unmarried women as a pastime. But Eunice had not the temperament to stand it.

There were plenty of men, among them Claude's brother-officers, who paid her attentions. There was probably more than one head over heels in love with her, but Eunice had no eyes or heart for anyone but her husband. She was a bitterly disappointed woman, and the idea of consoling herself with a substitute for what she particularly wanted never occurred to her.

She took the inevitable step one autumn when Claude was under canvas at the manœuvres. She returned to her Canterbury aunt. In other words, she resumed her position behind the shop-window.

From Canterbury she wrote to Claude:

My Dear Husband,—I got tired of being at home, and I came down here to Lady Prowlett's. She knows nothing about things yet, but I am not coming back to you. It is extraordinarily difficult to write to you, especially as I know you will never understand. I am going to lead a life of single blessedness because I find matrimony a failure. I suppose it is all my fault. I expected too much. You are probably an ideal husband, but if I had known what the ideal husband is I should never have married. You were once splendid, but I suppose it could not last. I have taken the step after a great deal of thought, I beg you to believe. You will be shocked, but, after all, I am nothing to you! I have become stale, flat, and unprofitable. You will not miss me. Let me go without an argument, and then our happy days as opposed to the last few ghastly months will be a pleasant memory. I shall be blamed, and you will be pitied. That won't be unpleasant for you. I know you do not care. I don't suppose you will understand this letter, but I cannot write any more.—Your wife, Eunice.

The amazement of Captain Bland may readily be imagined. At first he thought of wiring to Lady Prowlett, begging her to watch his wife carefully, fearful lest the poor girl had lost her reason. Then he sat down to write, but finally he asked and obtained leave, and went hot-foot to Canterbury.

Eunice knew that the interview was inevitable, and steeled herself for it.

Claude entered the room where she sat, the picture of grief and anxious solicitude. The devil in her tried his hardest to make her laugh.

"Don't look so wretched, Claude," she begged. "Sit down and say what you have to say."

"Eunice, dear," he began, "what have I done?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You have been very good to me, Claude, very good to me. That is my grievance. You never understood me, or you would never have married me. I simply cannot bear your passionless respectability. I don't know why. My father and mother, I am told, were rather hot-headed people. I am the result of a spark of possibly Bohemian passion. I am not fit to be married to such a physical triumph of good lineage as yourself."

Such talk dumbfounded Claude. High-spirited he knew his wife to be, but he would have indignantly denied that she was eccentric. He had an idea, though, now of her meaning. He realised that he had been less ardent as a husband than such a girl had a right to expect.

"Eunice," he said, very apologetically, "I am really very sorry. Men are awfully dense. But surely, dear, you knew that the vehemence of those early days could not last for ever. I have tried to be a good husband, but Romeo and Juliet inevitably develop into Darby and Joan—if they live."

"I won't wait, Claude. I won't live. I won't develop. I can't bear it. Matrimony oppresses me. Again I say I don't blame you. The matter is beyond argument. You must give me up."

He begged, entreated, finally ordered, but the girl was adamant.

Before Claude left he saw Lady Prowlett. She smiled at his woebegone face and unhappy story.

"Go away, you colossal stupid," she said. "Go away. I will write to you in a week or so."

Captain Claude Bland went back to his work, a broken-hearted man.

A fortnight later he received a letter from his wife—also one from Lady Prowlett, the latter gaily sarcastic. The sum total of the two letters amounted to the announcement that Mrs. Bland expected to become a mother, and would Claude come down on Wednesday. (He got the letters on Wednesday morning.)

. . . . . .

Claude's elder brother is now dead. Claude has got the barony by special remainder, and it is reported that her Ladyship will open the Ideal Home Exhibition next year.

Margaret Butler

Blue Blood Among the Blacks

A DUCHESS'S PROWESS WITH THE RIFLE IN AFRICA

The Princess Hélène d'Orléans, Duchess of Aosta, who is touring round Africa, has been shooting for some days at Buzi, a native village in Portuguese East Africa, near Beira. The picture shows a crowd of negroes gazing in admiration at a collection of game shot by Her Royal Highness

Three thousand native warriors marching before Her Royal Highness the Princess Hélène d'Orléans. The Princess is seen at the right corner of the picture. Miss Hicks-Beach, her companion on her travels, is seen in the middle, and the figure on the left is Captain Piscicelli, of the Italian Army. A portrait of the Duchess is inset

GAMES AND PASTIMES

What is the Finest Game?

I was talking a day or two ago to a polycaerulist (or man of many "Blues")—that is to say, we were both talking at the same time—about the relative sporting value of various games. He, I may tell you, though he has taken other things in his stride, is a Cricket Maniac, and, partly in the hope of bringing out his best, I advocated the claims of lawn tennis, a game, for some reason, peculiarly odious to your infatuated cricketer. The bait took, and he spoke at considerable length and with increasing heat, ending up by compiling an ingenious comparative table, in which the different sports were awarded marks for what he held to be their component virtues—such as exercise, unselfishness, combination, skill, eye, excitement, etc. Need I say which received an Alpha Plus?

A Sporting Tripos

His classification was not exhaustive, and the award was tinged with prejudice, but the root idea, that of an analysis of salient characteristics, was a very useful one. In comparing one game with another—and which of us is not at some time called upon to make a choice?—it is worth while to seek out every point for which praise may be given, and balance the good against the bad. Cricket, for instance, gets high marks for skill, eye, and excitement; unselfishness or combination fair; convenience low; durability (keeping it up after one's first youth) very fair. Football has less for eye; more for exercise; excitement rather more; convenience (facility for getting ground and keeping it in order and time occupied in a match) considerably greater; combination very high; durability very poor. Golf has practically no combination and very little exercise, but enormous durability—and so on. And the net conclusion, if one makes the questions complete enough, is that the competitors come out, to a fair-minded examiner, extraordinarily level. Nevertheless, each of us, as with children or toothpicks, will doubtless continue vastly to prefer our own.

The New Hockey Rules

It is satisfactory to learn that the wording of the offside rule in hockey has been put right, for although it was tolerably clear what was meant by the rule when it came into force, it certainly did not *say* what it meant, and it was left to the good sense of players and umpires to interpret it in the way that must have been intended by its framers. Formerly the rule, after stating what it is that puts a player offside, went on to say that he (the offside player) "may not in any way interfere with an opponent," omitting the still more important prohibition that he may not touch the ball. When this omission was pointed out, the authorities replied that if an offside player played the ball he would be infringing the rule, because he would be interfering (inferentially) with some other player, to whom, but for his intervention, the ball would come. This, however, was decidedly "thin," and although umpires loyally interpreted the rule in the spirit in which it was intended to be administered, there was always the chance that some cantankerous person might interpret it strictly according to the letter. This possibility has, however, now been eliminated, and the rule reads: "He may not play the ball nor in any way interfere," etc.

A Danger Removed

Several other alterations in the rules have been made, the most important of which is the introduction of the penalty of a free hit against the player who, on receiving the ball from a corner, takes a flying hit at it. It is, therefore, now obligatory upon the player to whom the ball is hit from the corner to stop it before making a hit. This will remove an element of danger from the game, and also give the defending side a better chance of getting out of a tight place. It is interesting to note that a similar rule was adopted by the Women's Hockey Association some time ago. The season, which practically opened last Saturday, promises to be a busy one from the very start, and in addition to the ordinary international matches, there is to be an International Tournament in Brussels.

The First Big Rugger Match of the Season: Harlequins v. Old Merchant Taylors at Twickenham

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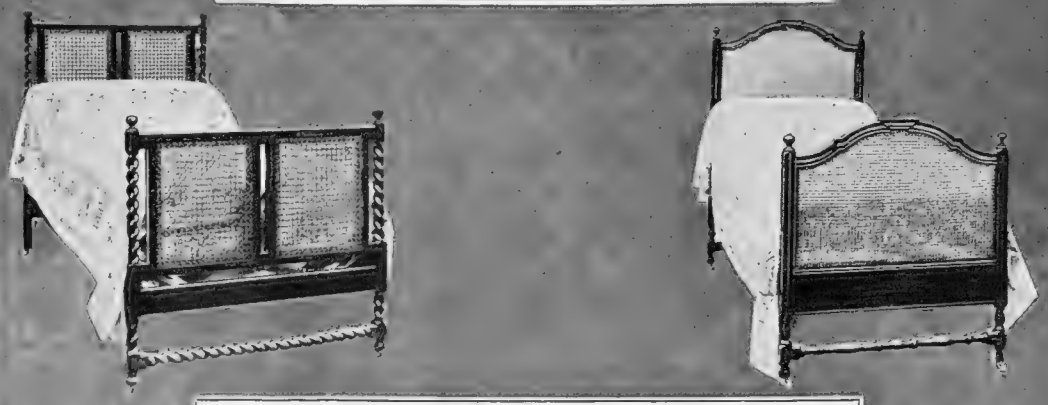

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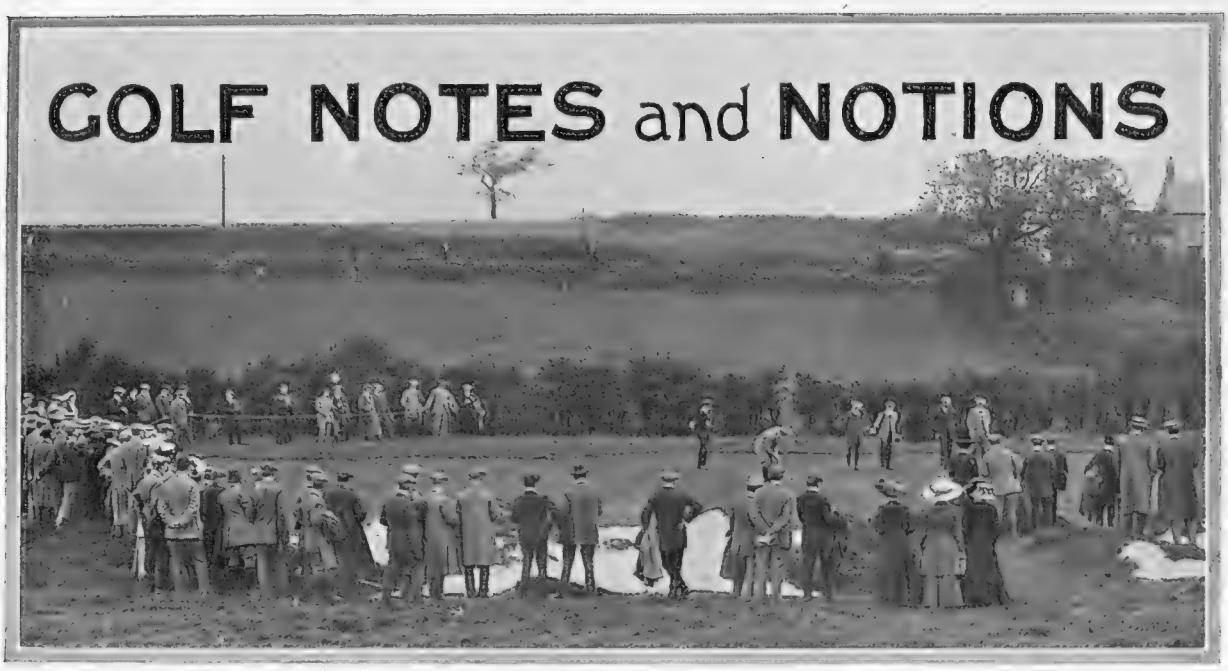

Photograph] **The Opening of a New Yorkshire Course: Harry Vardon Putting on the 7th Green at Moortown** [*Montague Dixon*

The new Moortown links, near Leeds, were formally inaugurated on September 24 with the usual professional matches. Braid and Harry Vardon played a single in the morning, going round in 77 and 79 respectively, and in the afternoon W. Toogood and Horace Fulford, the local "pro.," joined them in a foursome

"Quousque Tandem?"

At a committee meeting of the Professional Golfers' Association, held on September 5, it was decided with regard to the Southern Section Tournament "that the Association should ask that one of their representatives should be present when the position of the holes for such competitions is decided upon." I have quoted the above amazing decision from *Golf Illustrated*, the official organ of the P.G.A. If it had not appeared in that paper I should have been inclined to doubt its authenticity.

Dissatisfied Professionals

It will be remembered that the Southern Section held their qualifying competition for this year's *News of the World* Tournament on the beautiful course of the Stoke Poges Golf Club. The result of that competition was that one or two noted players failed to qualify, while others had rather a scramble for inclusion in the thirteen places allotted to this section. Thereupon there arose considerable lamentation and complaint as to the position of the holes, which were considered by some of the competitors to have been placed in impossible situations. It was pointed out by the official organ that the fact that Tom Vardon returned a 71, Sherlock and Souter 73's, and that there were five 74's and five 75's proved sufficiently that the holes were not placed in impossible positions.

Photograph Sport and General

Mr. Robert Harris

The famous Scottish International, who won the Struther's Silver Challenge Cleek at the Autumn Meeting of the Acton Club on September 24 with a score of 72, equalling his own amateur record for the course

An Abuse of Hospitality

I have only gone into this recent bit of history to show the basis on which the decision of the Committee of the P.G.A. has been founded. That decision is a distinct reflection on the executive of the Stoke Poges Golf Club, and should be strongly resented not only by that Club, but by any club which may in future be approached by the P.G.A. with a request for facilities for holding its Southern Section Competition. The P.G.A. has no course of its own, and is dependent, therefore, on the kindness and courtesy of clubs possessing golf courses for permission to hold its competitions on their links. That permission has hitherto been unreservedly accorded, but, unless this decision is rescinded, I doubt whether clubs in future will be inclined to give up their course for a whole day, to the exclusion of their own members, to the members of an Association which casts such monstrous reflections upon its hosts.

Outrageous Methods

Matters are coming to a pretty pass when the officials of a club such as that of Stoke Poges are not to be permitted to arrange their course in the manner which they consider best for testing the capacities of the southern professionals. I am astonished that any professionals should ever have countenanced such a proposition as that one of their representatives should be allowed to be present while the position of the holes was being considered. I hope that calm reflection will lead to the withdrawal of this decision. Should it be persisted in, then I trust that no club will give facilities to the Southern Section. I have always been a strong supporter of the P.G.A., which in many ways is an admirable institution, but if it is going to countenance such childish and outrageous methods, then it will forfeit the confidence and support of amateur golfers.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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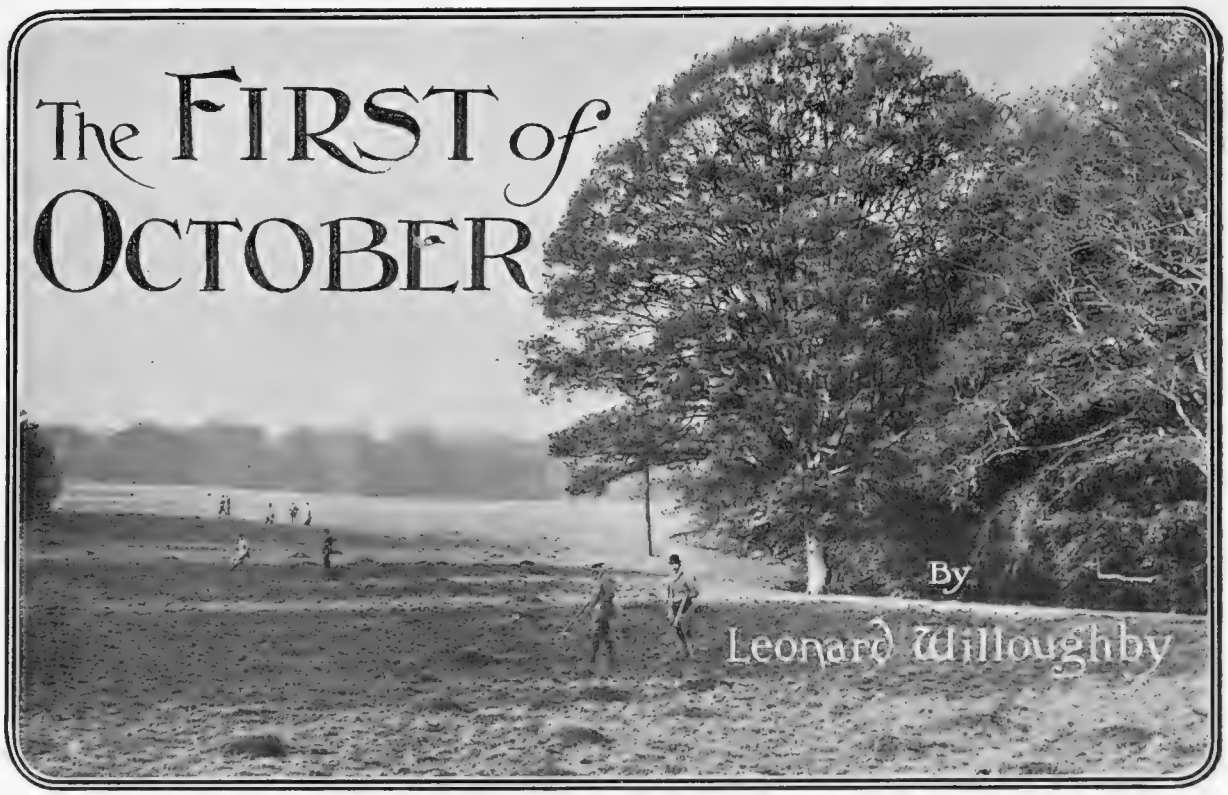
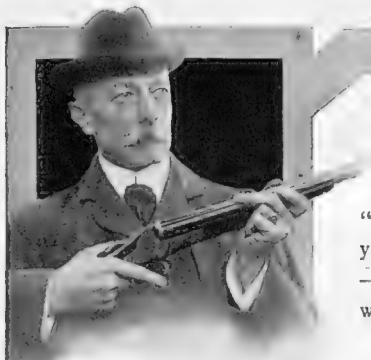


SOME PERTINENT REMARKS ON A NON-EXISTENT FESTIVAL

ANY glamour which at one time may have been attaching to the First of October is now a thing of the past. Unlike its brothers of "the Twelfth" or "the First of September," which dates mean so much to ardent gunners, the First of October is nowadays not even noticed. Stay a moment, however—I was forgetting—it is not a forgotten anniversary, as the daily papers reminded us on Monday. We were then told that the pheasant shooting season had commenced, and that parties of sportsmen were out early, and that good bags were made. Why the papers should think it necessary to tell us that the pheasant season has opened is, even to me, a mystery, or why we should be expected to be interested in the fact (more or less) that parties of sportsmen were out is beyond my comprehension. We all know those "sportsmen!" who shoot pheasants on October 1. They are the fraternity who blaze into birds as they get up at their feet in a turnip field, and think it sport and good shooting to blow them to pieces. Truly, they are great sportsmen, and this sort of thing appeals to their hearts, for it is about the only period in the season they can manage to hit a pheasant. Later on, when they are full-grown and come rocketing over the tops of trees, they will be no sort of use to the First of October pheasant slaughterers, who like them nice and close and slow-flying.

Pheasant shooting to-day and pheasant shooting one hundred years ago and more are very different things. In those early days guns were vastly different and very uncertain of ignition. They were clumsy, heavy muzzle-loaders, and very unlike our present-day hammerless ejectors. Harvesting and hay-cutting were not conducted by means of saving machines, and sportsmen invariably shot over pointers or setters or spaniels. Parties, such as we have to-day, were not known, and generally one or two "guns" formed the party. Beaters and appliances as they are to-day were undreamt of, and the Squire, with his friend and keeper and dogs, were all that came out. That the undergrowth in woods was thick or the trees in leaf mattered not to them, for the faithful dogs did the work while one Nimrod in tall hat, green velvet coat, and leathern overalls banged off his fowling-piece to the delirious and frantic joy of "Dash and Ponto." To these worthies October 1 was a very real date, and the pheasants they shot were all wild-bred ones.

If old pictures of shooting in those days are to be relied on, the birds then were not very difficult to shoot, or any more so than they are to-day on the 1st. Pheasant shooting, as it now is, is a totally different thing. The great desire now is to make birds fly so as to give the most difficult shots. To shoot a pheasant which is a very easy shot gives no pleasure at all, and certainly nothing in comparison with that of bringing down a tall bird flying with the wind behind it forty yards up in the air. Shooting pheasants is no good at all until frost has killed down the undergrowth in woods and the leaves are off the trees. Thus it is that not till the middle of November is any real attempt made to shoot woods. Before then only outlying spinnies on the edge of estates, or an odd pheasant or so shot for the table, is all that is done in the way of killing these beautiful birds. But when one reads of parties of sportsmen being out on October 1 to shoot pheasants one can but smile as the vision of the "sportsmen!" rises in one's mind. It is those gentlemen of the pen and guileless editors that rush into print on the subject of sport, and whose knowledge of shooting leads them to inform us "the crack of the *rifle*" is heard on the moors on the Twelfth, who also tell us of these gallant doings on October 1, but which, I think, are more in their own imaginations than real. At least, let us hope so.



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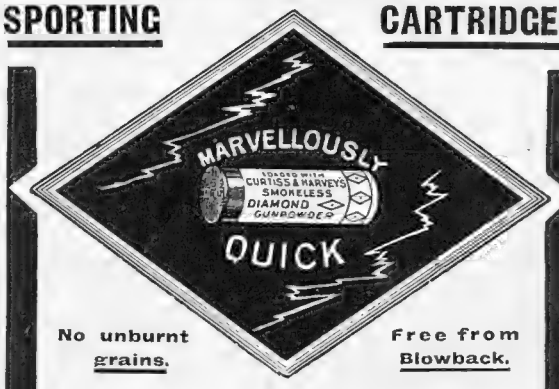

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RACING: The Duke of York Stakes. By CARBINE

Wootton and His Future

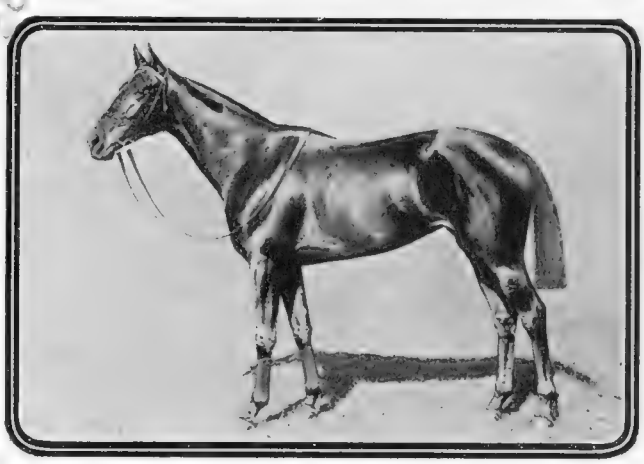
It was almost inevitable that Frank Wootton would get to the head of the winning jockeys before the end of the season, and now that he is in the lead people are asking how much longer he will be able to ride. There is something sad in the thought that the active career of this lad, certainly one of the finest horsemen ever seen on the British Turf, should be threatened at a moment when he is at the zenith of his power. The fact is Wootton is putting on weight rapidly. Little more than a year ago he could go to the scales at 6st. 7lb. Now he cannot ride at less than 7st. 8lb. If he goes on increasing in this way he will soon be able to ride in comparatively few races, and to me the lad looks one who will not be able to defy Nature for any length of time. More than once Danny Maher has thought of giving up race-riding on account of the hardship of constant wasting, and I expect that two seasons hence Wootton will be seriously confronted by the same problem.

The Cesarewitch

An ill fate pursued one of our attempts to find a likely double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. I recommended last week the dual chances of Last Call and Halcyon, but no sooner was the issue published than a lamentable accident occurred to the Cesarewitch candidate, and he was promptly struck out of the race. However, our other double, Verney and Electra, still holds good. I am sorry that Last Call is gone, for he is a colt of great stamina and gameness. Still, as I mentioned last week, I hardly expected him to beat Bronzino, who now looks to be a greater certainty than ever. We should all like to back a Cesarewitch winner at long odds, but it would be foolish to fly immediately in the face of public form. We could not have had more magnificent Cesarewitch trials than those of Bronzino at Doncaster, and now that the rain has come at last to soften the ground, he will be one of the strongest favourites on record on the day of the race, and deservedly so, in my opinion. It is quite possible that Dibs will create a surprise, especially if he is ridden by Frank Wootton, and it is also possible that with Bronzino out of the way Pure Gem would be the good thing which Mr. Joel believes him to be. I prefer Verney to either of these, for there was merit in his success at Hurst Park, and he is the right type of horse for the Cesarewitch course. To sum up, my selection for the race is **Bronzino**, and I take VERNEY as my second string.

The Duke of York Stakes

Of more immediate interest is the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday. With Swynford and other of the top weights gone, this usually attractive race will not give us anything wonderful in point of class. Even the penalised horses like Buckwheat and Succour are reckoned to have a chance against the moderate stuff opposed to them, but I fancy the race will be won by a three-year-old, and the most likely trio, in my opinion, are Lonawand, Wolfe Land, and Willonyx. At their weights there is not much to choose between them. I remember seeing Willonyx finish several lengths in front of Lonawand, but that was over a longer course than I think Mr. Lytham's colt cares to travel. Lonawand is best at a mile, and Willonyx I should prefer over a mile and a half. Now, at Kempton the distance is one and a quarter miles, which ought exactly to suit Wolfe Land, who has performed very consistently all through the season, and did well behind Buckwheat and Electra at Manchester. Yes, I think it is the turn of **Wolfe Land**, and for places I recommend Lonawand and Willonyx. Several times the Duke of York Stakes has provided us with a tip for the Cambridgeshire. Readers, no doubt, will remember Velocity and Polymelus, and we shall eagerly watch the finish on Saturday for a similarly valuable "pointer." It is quite certain that the Cambridgeshire will be much the most interesting of all the autumn handicaps this season. My strong fancy is for **Electra.**



Photograph *Rouch*

Mr. L. Neumann's Electra, strongly fancied by CARBINE for the Cambridgeshire

Other Kempton Selections

The meeting at Kempton will be a long way the best of the week. There is a fine programme on Friday, the opening day, including the Imperial Produce Stakes, the race which Neil Gow won sensationally last season. Many smart youngsters are engaged. I expect the favourite will be Prince Palatine or Pietri, but I am inclined to think **Phryxus** will pick up this rich stake for lucky Mr. Fairie. In his absence I should choose Prince Palatine. For the Richmond Plate on the same afternoon my selection is **Blankney II.**, and for the Coventry Plate **Newcastle II.** I think the big nursery race on the second day will be won by **Peggy Hyland.**

The next issue of THE BYSTANDER will be specially enlarged, and will include a

20-PAGE HUNTING SUPPLEMENT,

and a beautiful coloured plate,

"THE END OF A GOOD DAY."

By LIONEL EDWARDS.

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Weak, thin, and scanty hair is conspicuous by its absence. So is premature greyness. Even those ladies who are known to have passed the meridian of their lives (so far as actual years are concerned) still look fresh and youthful because of the perfectly healthy condition of their hair and the absence of all signs of premature greyness, baldness, scurf, or dandruff deposits.

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The answer lies in the one-time Royal secret method of Hair-Culture they practise every day.

For two minutes every morning (sometimes at night also) they carefully cultivate their hair by "drilling" it according to the afore-mentioned one-time Royal secret toilet method. This has the effect of destroying all the germs which attack and injure the hair, and of bringing out all the hidden loveliness which lies (so often latent) in every woman's tresses.

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Would you not like to try the wonderful Toilet Method which has such remarkable results?

You would, of course.

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You are given to-day a splendid opportunity of obtaining, free of charge, everything required—rules, material, and all—for following out this Secret Toilet Method yourself.

You can practise in your own home just those very same toilet rules as are practised by the most beautiful women in present-day Society.

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You can get the same most desirable results.

And for all this no charge at all will be made.

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Within forty-eight hours this Outfit will reach you. Opening it, the contents will be disclosed as follows:—

1. A Free Bottle of Harlene-for-the-Hair.
2. A Complimentary Packet of the *Cremex Shampoo Powde* .
3. A book giving you in full the secret directions for "Hair-Drill" and Hair-Culture generally, drawn up by Mr. Edwards, the great Royal Hair Specialist, and sole discoverer of Harlene-for-the-Hair.

All this is yours free of cost.

The postage of the whole Outfit to your address amounts to only 3*d.*, and this is all you are asked to send to the donor of this great useful gift.

By return of post the whole above-described Outfit will be yours.

What Two Minutes a Day Will Do.

Not only can you follow this method of Hair-Culture without expense; but there is no waste of valuable time.

Set apart two minutes every day for cultivating your hair—that is all that is needed.

Spend two minutes every day *drilling your hair* according to the directions sent you by Mr. Edwards, and your hair will always keep healthy, luxuriant, and beautiful.

This advice applies to men as well as to women.

It is an advantage to everyone—irrespective of sex—to possess hair that shows no signs of thinning or fading.

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Yes, even if you are already troubled with Baldness or Greyness at present. If you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" a new growth of luxuriant hair will spring up over the bald or thin places.

Write, then, for this Free Outfit that is offered as a gift to every man or woman who appreciates a good head of hair.

Accept this opportunity to-day, and in a very few days' time you will be extremely glad you did so.

To-day's opportunity, in fact, will be to-morrow's gratification.

Everything required for growing perfectly healthy and richly luxuriant hair is here offered to you.

There is no charge.

Just enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay the postage to your address, and the complete Triple Gift Outfit will be sent off to you at once.

Further supplies of "Harlene-for-the-Hair" can always be obtained from any chemists or stores in 1*s.*, 2*s.*6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powder in 1*s.* boxes (each box containing six shampoos), or direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 an 96, High Holborn, ondon, W.C., by enclosing postal order.

Why not develop to the utmost the growth natural to your hair?

Why not—when you can have the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit for seven days' trial, free of cost and free of obligation of any kind? The Outfit is sent to you on these terms, because the senders know that you will be delighted with what it will do for you even in seven days.

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The Edwards' Harlene Co., *The Bystander*, Oct. 5, 1910.
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send to the following address one of your Outfits for growing and beautifying the hair. I enclose 3*d.* in stamps for postage to any part of the world.

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ADDRESS .....

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Shrubby Veronicas

Among the plants which are grown in few gardens, yet deserve a place in all, are some of the shrubby veronicas. They are rather tender, perhaps, but with a suitable position and a little care their cultivation is not difficult. There are many different species, mostly natives of New Zealand, and though the majority were not introduced into this country until the second half of the last century, one (V. decussata, now called V. elliptica) came to us as long ago as 1776. Loudon, writing in 1838, describes it as "an evergreen shrub, a native of the Falkland Islands, which grows to the height of one or two feet, and produces its white or bluish-white flowers from June to August. It is very easily protected, either at the foot of a wall or on rockwork, and stands out without any protection in the Isle of Portland, where it grows to the height of four or five feet." Mongredien, in his "Trees and Shrubs for English Plantations," says, "It has been found to bear our winter's frosts in the latitude of London, with some slight protection when the weather is severe"; though naturally it is in the south and west, especially near the sea, that the shrub is seen at its best. Another fine species is V. salicifolia, of which there is a charming hybrid, Andersonii. But hardier than any of these is V. Traversii. Dallimore says it "is the hardiest of all and thrives well north of London." In the beautiful gardens of Abbotsbury Castle, in Dorsetshire, it flowers magnificently in July, the bushes looking as if they had been snowed over. No special soil is necessary for veronicas. They will grow in any that is fairly good. If it is desired to increase their number, this may readily be done by means of cuttings. They may be inserted now, preferably in a frame or greenhouse.

Chrysanthemums and Frost

Chrysanthemums are not likely to be injured by a slight frost so long as the buds are still closed, but as it is not worth while to take any risks after all the trouble of growing them, they will now be safest in the greenhouse. But first the pots should be thoroughly cleaned, and if worms have entered them through the holes at the bottom they should be driven out by an application of weak limewater, which will speedily bring them to the surface. The plants themselves should be sprayed with a solution of liver of sulphur (half an ounce to the gallon of water) as a precautionary against mildew, rust, and other fungoid diseases. As this solution blackens paint, it cannot be used after the plants are in the house. Sulphur must then be substituted for it if necessary, a pepper-pot or a muslin bag being a convenient device for sprinkling it over the foliage. The condition likely to cause an outbreak of mildew is excessive damp. Fresh air should, therefore, be admitted at every opportunity; water, when actually required, should be poured on the soil and not over the leaves.

H. C. Davidson.

'Varsity Sports

Soccer

Association football has never been so popular at the 'Varsities as has the companion code for various reasons with which space will not permit us to deal here. One regrets, however, that the poor support lent to the 'Varsity clubs should compel the sides to play practically two-thirds of their matches away from home. This necessity is, nevertheless, enforced upon them, for membership subscriptions and donations and the University dole are insufficient to enable the clubs to pay their way, and, regret it as one may, the gate proceeds have to be considered. As to the standard of play—an important factor in the case, of course—this has been very low of recent years, though last season some improvement was to be detected. The then standard is likely to be maintained in this present season, for both captains, Mr. J. B. Bickersteth at Oxford and Mr. H. G. Bache at Cambridge can command the services of seven Old Blues. Those available to the former are Messrs. L. G. Owen (goal), J. N. Tuff (back), R. Sale (half-back), H. R. L. Henry, A. E. Cardew, R. C. Maples, and A. H. J. Kerry (forwards). It is something of a coincidence that exactly the some disposition of the old forces will be in the hands of the Cambridge captain in Messrs. C. Pinkham (goal), S. Baker (back), R. M. Weeks and Crommelin-Brown (halves), W. B. Harris, B. S. Farnfield, and H. S. Shout (forwards). Mr. Bickersteth, of course, makes the second Oxford half and Mr. Bache the fourth Cambridge forward. There is thus a capital nucleus at both Universities.

A Surrey Cricketer

The loss of Mr. R. L. L. Braddell, last year's Dark Blue captain, and one of the best backs that either University has produced since the time of the evergreen Mr. W. V. Timms, will be very severely felt at Oxford. To fill the vacancy there are, fortunately, available two players of no mean ability in Mr. Owen, of Keble, and Mr. I. P. F. Campbell. The former, who played several times last season, and showed most promising form, looks to have a good chance of getting his Blue this year, but he is likely to be close pressed by Mr. Campbell, last year's Repton captain, a player of undoubted merit. Parenthetically, it will be remembered that Mr. Campbell proved of great assistance to the Surrey eleven at the close of this last cricket season. For Mr. W. G. Edwards's place at centre-half, two capable Seniors are in residence, viz., Mr. G. C. Gow, of Christ Church, son of Westminster's Headmaster, and Mr. K. C. Raikes, of Keble. Both are of the vigorous type of player, especially strong in defence; moreover, both are fine shots. The greatest difficulty to be overcome lies in the choice of a suitable successor to Mr. V. O'C. Miley at centre-forward. Of the Seniors the best appear to be Mr. J. L. S. Vidler, the cricket Blue, who played several times last year, and may have improved with experience; Mr. R. H. Twining, another cricket Blue; and Mr. Macdonald, of New College.

Cambridge Recruits

The Cambridge captain will probably find himself equally well off for recruits of merit. Mr. Thew, who had the exceptional honour of captaining the side for the past two seasons, will, however, be difficult to replace successfully. Mr. M. H. C. Doll appears the most likely candidate for the vacancy. For Mr. Cuthbertson's position at left-half, Mr. C. B. Thompson and Mr. M. W. Hyne will seriously threaten any opposition, but some good Freshmen would be welcomed by the Cambridge captain for these positions, as also for that of Mr. V. Edwards at inside-right. For this latter there is still available Mr. C. E. Squire, who got his Blue in this position two years ago, but who was passed over last season; but Mr. H. Crisp, of the Seniors, is most likely to get in.

R. C. R.

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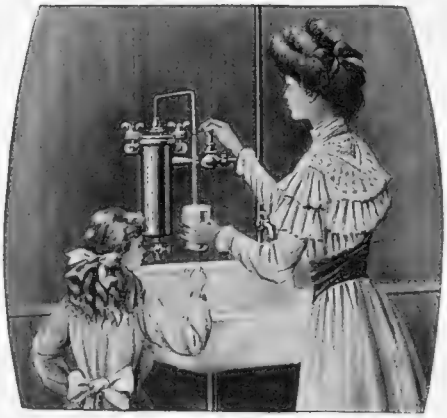

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T.H.H.

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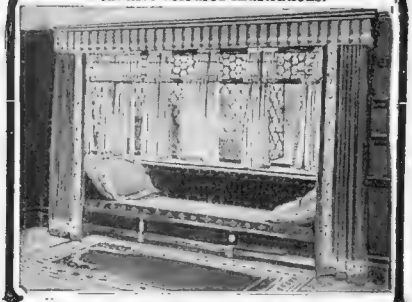

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Pass Storming

Two 15 h.-p. Rovers in Ballaughbeama Pass—perhaps the grandest and wildest canon in the Killarney district. The leading car is being driven by Mr. Harry Smith, Managing-Director of the Rover Company

The Happy Motorist

The writer who reached "L" on Form 4 last week, and was, therefore, naturally in torment, has the sympathy of all men. But I claim for the motorist an even larger measure of sympathy. Because, assuming he lives through Form 4, he has still the infliction of the new motoring taxation to deal with. After all, Form 4 is easy. Mr. Ure says so, and Mr. Ure is a—Lord Advocate. But when our motorist is trying to discover what he has to pay under the new taxation, and who he has to pay, and why (particularly why), his real trouble will commence—unless he happens to be Crœsus, and can pay anything demanded by anybody. If he is not, I fear he may find his alphabet *commences* with L and is followed by at least three D's. And a few notes of exclamation.

A Power Problem

A few sample problems follow. Mr. Ure will see at once how simple they are. He will also be able to justify his solutions on grounds of equity. It is this clarity of vision that makes a Lord Advocate, and also makes—"countless thousands mourn." Now, the idea of the tax is good so far as it goes—graduation according to engine-power. To ascertain engine-power the R.A.C. formulæ is adopted. And immediately we have our problem. Because in many cases R.A.C. formulæ is nonsense. It brings us to this position. I have bought (say) the Hispano-Suiza, winner of the Coupe des Voiturettes. On R.A.C. formulæ this engine works out at 10½ h.-p. Brown has a three-year-old car of 30 h.-p. according to the same formulæ. The difference in the tax between my 10½ h.-p. and his 30 h.-p. is guineas. In my favour, of course. And yet the *actual* power and efficiency of my 10½ h.-p. are, owing to the engine and transmission improvements during the last few years, higher than Brown's "30." Reconcile that position with "righteousness, justice, and equity," or any of the other high-sounding phrases beloved of Lord Advocates and others. That is the first problem.

Taxation Troubles

Problem 2. I buy a car in January of this year, and pay the tax like every other law-abiding citizen—because that is less bother than trying to escape it! Before June 30 I sell the car. On July 1 the new taxation comes into force—an excellent word "force." The new taxation covers the year from January to December. If I had kept the car I should be liable for the difference between the old tax and the new. If I bought a new car to-day I must pay tax for a whole year, however few the months of the year which were left to run. If the new taxation had come into operation last January I should have had to pay it for the year, even though I sold the car the following week. The point is that however short a time I keep the car I must pay tax for a year. Therefore, although I sold my car before the new taxation came into operation, I must be liable for the difference between what I paid on the old scale and what is due from me under the new scheme. But is that so? Certain local authorities say, "Yes, decidedly." And they are logically right. But the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury being appealed to say, "No!"

"Being in Torment"

Problem 3. I buy a car in January, and pay the old tax as before. I sell it before the new tax comes into force. I buy another car in September. Is my payment of the old tax dead and done, or am I entitled to claim an allowance in respect of my old payment when being assessed for taxation under the new Finance Acts? "No you are *not*," say certain sapient local authorities. "We want the full amount of the new tax. The past is dead. Shell out!" (The parish pump person invested with authority is inclined at times to arrogance.) We appeal to Cæsar—the Lords Commissioners aforesaid. "Certainly you are entitled to the allowance," say they. "Surprised to hear that the matter is in question!"

Out of Chaos

From which the ordinary person will be able to deduce that there are other things than balm in the motorist's Gilead. The womb of the future is big with trouble for him. Between the millstones of shoddy Village Hampdens, illogical Lords Commissioners, and (if a third millstone is pardonable) a basal formulæ like shifting sand in its application, he is like to have his patience ground to powder. Fortunately, owing to the action of motoring organisations like the Motor Union, whose inquiry elucidated problems 2 and 3, some order is being slowly evolved from the chaos. Motorists know now that if the car was sold before July 1, and a new vehicle has not been purchased, they are *not* liable for any more tax than they orignally paid. If, however, they *have* bought a new car they know that the amount paid on the old scale ranks as credit in paying the new tax. And they know that if any local authority comes around to press a contrary view they have liberty to invite such authority to go to the—Lords Commissioners. And find grace.

Chavez—Vale

And now Chavez. It is piteous. As an aviator his career was meteoric, and his end no less. He was the most daring of our height-scalers. His records left one breathless with the wonder of them. A month ago he attained to 8,485ft. at Issey-les-Moulineaux, and only by a stupendous volplane saved himself from the stupefaction of chill. How so comparatively fragile an instrument as a mono, or any other plane, could stand the enormous pressure of that sudden swoop downwards, and the staggering shock that comes at the moment of its arrest, is an abiding marvel.

Miscellanea

The Peter Union Company, whose London address is 190-192, Great Portland Street, London, have been awarded the Grand Prix and Diplome d'Honneur for balloon fabrics, tyres, and technical goods staged at the Brussels Exhibition—a double proof, if any were needed, of the high quality of the goods for which this, the oldest firm of pneumatic tyre manufacturers in Germany, is famous.

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We will send you a 52-page booklet containing full information concerning this remarkable treatment. You should read this booklet before you try anything. Write to the De Miracle Co., Dept. 140M, 65-67, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C., simply saying you want this booklet, and it will be posted in sealed plain envelope at once.

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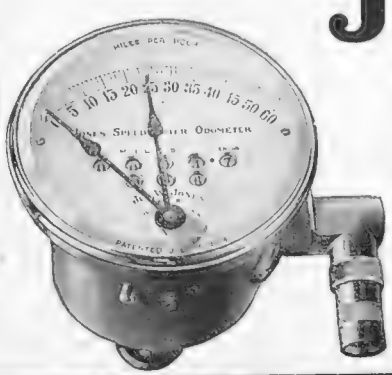

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The Menu: SOME RECIPES FOR VENISON (NOW IN SEASON)

Roast Haunch of Venison

Unless the weather is very warm, a haunch of venison may be hung for a fortnight. Flour it well and sprinkle it over with pepper to keep the flies away. Take it down every day and wipe it dry. Wash it well before cooking, and dry it with a cloth. Cover it with a sheet of buttered paper, then a flour-and-water paste about ½in. thick, and then two sheets of thick greased paper; tie it on firmly with strong tape. Put it down in front of a good fire, or if it is to be cooked in the oven, be sure to have it at the right heat. Baste it well with good dripping all the time it is cooking. Half an hour before it is done remove the paper and paste, dredge the haunch with flour, and baste well with butter until it is nicely frothed. Serve its own gravy in a tureen and red-currant jelly.

Hashed Venison

Cut some haunch of venison into neat slices and put any gravy that may be left with the bones and trimmings into a saucepan. Add half a pint of claret or port wine and the same quantity of stock or water, four onions finely chopped, and two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup. Let this simmer for one or two hours, skim it well, and remove all fat. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 1oz. of flour, stir till well mixed, then add gradually the strained gravy, season with pepper and salt; stir till it boils, then take it off the fire and let it cool, put in the pieces of venison, and let it get slowly hot by the side of the fire. It will take one hour and a half. Serve garnished with fried sippets and red-currant jelly.

Ragoût of Venison

Cut some venison into neat slices, but not too thin, and put them into a stewpan with two onions sliced, two carrots ditto, one stick of celery, and some herbs in a little muslin bag. Nearly cover with some good stock, and add to it a glass of claret. Stew very gently till tender. Lift the meat out and strain the gravy. Thicken it with a roux of butter and flour, a few capers, and some chopped shallot and gherkin; let all boil up, pour over and round the venison, and serve. Red-currant jelly should be handed.

Croquettes of Venison

Put about 1lb. of cooked venison through a mincing-machine, mix with it 4oz. of finely mashed potato, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, and a seasoning of chopped herbs, onion and parsley, pepper and salt; blend the mixture with the yolks of three eggs and 1oz. of butter, and stir over the fire until it forms a paste, then turn it on to a plate to get cold. Form into croquette shapes, dip in batter, and fry in deep fat until a golden colour. Drain on paper, and serve with rich venison gravy, flavoured with red-currant jelly and port wine.

Perdreaux aux Champignons

Dissolve 1½oz. of butter, throw in about three-quarters of a pint of button mushrooms, with a slight sprinkling of salt and cayenne, simmer them from eight to ten minutes, and turn them with the butter on to a plate; when they are quite cold, put them into the bodies of a brace of partridges, sew them up, truss them, and roast them from thirty to forty minutes. Serve them with brown mushroom sauce, or, if preferred, gravy and bread-sauce only.

Vol-au-Vent of Game

Cut some cold game or chicken into dice. Have ready about a gill of good stock made from the trimmings of the game, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and a suspicion of nutmeg. Put the meat into this with a gill of cream or milk, ½oz. of butter, and ¼lb. of mushrooms, chopped small. Stir until it boils, and gradually thickens. Whilst cooking the game a pie-dish should have been lined with short crust and baked. Pour in the mixture, garnish and serve. EMILIA.

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No. 357.—Vol. XXVIII. Wednesday, October 5, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Lounge hall, fine drawing room (26ft. by 17ft. 9in.), conservatory, excellent dining room (30ft. by 16ft.) opening to verandah, library (18ft. by 13ft.), servants' sitting room, good offices, spacious landing, 6 good bedrooms (and two more convertible out of boxroom if required), dressing and bathrooms, linen cupboards. Good brick-built stabling, with man's room over.

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The House contains: LARGE PANELLED LOUNGE HALL, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and first-rate offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house, 2 men's rooms, etc.; the gardens are most tastefully disposed, and include 2 tennis lawns, croquet lawn, pergolas, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; SMALL MODEL FARMERY, with cowsheds, pig-styes, etc., and 5-ROOMED COTTAGE, meadow and woodland, in all 54 ACRES. To be OFFERED by AUCTION on November 8th.—Illustrated particulars, when ready, of the Solicitors, Messrs. WARREN, MURTON and MILLAR, 45, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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GROUNDS AND PARK OF 36 ACRES;

stabling, motor-house, groom's rooms, cottage, farmery, glasshouses, etc.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,022)

SURREY (between DORKING and HORSHAM).—The above charming OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, WITH OLD OAK BEAMED CEILINGS AND A GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, coach-house or motor-house, small farmery; pretty well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, pasture and arable land, extending in all to about 36½ ACRES. Rent, £133 10s.; 7 years' Lease. Premium, £100. Rates and taxes only £6.—Recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,814)

FURNISHED PROPERTIES.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, only 10 minutes from L. and N.W. Ry. Station, 30 minutes from Town: 6 bed, bath, 3 sitting rooms; stabling; large well-timbered garden, paddock, etc. Low Rent. 6 months from at once.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FURNISHED.
RENT ONLY £90 PER ANNUM.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX BORDERS.—Tastefully Furnished and attractive FARMHOUSE, in high, healthy situation: 7 bed, 3 reception, bath, etc.; stabling 2; garden and orchard; hunting, golf, fishing obtainable.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,490)

SURREY HILLS (facing South, magnificent views). — Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, close to Limpsfield Common, to LET at once: 12 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms, lounge hall; extensive grounds.—Strongly recommended from personal knowledge by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 4,693)

VERY MILD AND EQUABLE CLIMATE.

NORTH WALES (easy reach of station and sea).—To LET, for the Winter or longer, well-furnished RESIDENCE, in sheltered situation: 12 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms; tennis; small rough shooting; close to golf, etc. NOMINAL RENT.—Thoroughly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER HOME.
TO BE LET FOR A FEW MONTHS OR UP TO 3 YEARS.

NEAR THE SUSSEX COAST (with delightful landscape and marine views).—The RESIDENCE combines all the charm of

AN OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE,

with modern luxuries, including electric lighting, hot-water heating, telephone, Company's water, and main drainage. The original structure has been added to with the greatest care, and the early English style has been followed in the minutest detail. The accommodation includes hall (20ft. by 19ft.), dining room (23ft. by 17ft.), study (19ft. by 19ft.), and billiard room, all

PANELLED IN MAGNIFICENT OAK WORK,

in the various styles of the Elizabethan period, drawing room panelled in vieux rose silk, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, garage, and men's accommodation.

THE DELIGHTFUL OLD ENGLISH GARDENS

are a special feature and must be seen to be appreciated; golf 2 miles; hunting; 2 miles from seaside resort.—Box KF 870, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY HILLS, 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. ½ HOUR FROM TOWN.

A PERFECTLY EQUIPPED RESIDENCE FOR SALE.—It is absolutely secluded in well-timbered grounds of about 2½ acres. Accommodation: hall, 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; electric light, main drainage, Company's water; parish church and R.C. church; exceptional golfing facilities.—Box K 4,429, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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£3,500 FREEHOLD.

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MAYFAIR, JUST OUT OF PARK LANE.

FOR SALE (owner buying larger house).—Price, £4,500, although £4,000 was recently spent in decorations, new drains, and improvements: 7 or 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, fine hall, dining room, boudoir, "Adam" drawing room; modernised and up to date; service lift; electric light; South aspect; quiet position. This House has cost owner £8,000, who will now Sell at price named above. One of the most perfect houses of its size in Town.—Box K 9,090, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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GRANDLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.

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55 MINUTES OF TOWN.

Occupying a high and entirely secluded position, on gravel soil, with beautiful views.

TO BE SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in the county. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; telephone; Company's water; main drainage; stabling for 6, men's rooms, farmery; the pleasure gardens and grounds extend to some 30 acres, and are well timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, woodland walks and parklike meadow-land; cottage.—Box K 4,799, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

VILLA MAGDA, BEAULIEU ALPES MARITIMES.—To LET, for the Season, long or short period, or would be SOLD, a most comfortably Furnished VILLA, situated on high ground; sheltered garden and croquet lawn. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms (2 double-bedded), bathroom (h and c.), excellent *sous-sol* accommodation for 6 servants; telephone, gas, electric light, certificated English sanitation; servants, plate, and linen by arrangement.—Particulars from ERNEST W. GILCHRIST, c/o Willings, 73, Knightsbridge, S.W.

SANDERSTEAD, SURREY HILLS.—For SALE (or LET, Unfurnished, on Lease), well-built RESIDENCE, by London architects for owner's use; excellent views: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, good cellarage, box room, and store room; electric light, hot-water radiators, Company's water; 400ft. above sea, bracing air; in conjunction or separately, squash racquet court or motor garage, with cottage; unique terraced gardens, laid out 15 years ago, fine old yew trees, flowering shrubs by Veitch, full-sized tennis lawn, rose garden, wild garden, large kitchen garden, long south wall with peaches, etc., greenhouse and outbuildings; over 3 acres in all, or could be split. Price of House, with best portion of garden, £3,400. Rent, £175. Inquiries will be answered by the owner.—Address, Box R, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

4½ ACRES. 14 MILES FROM TOWN.

£80 PER ANNUM.—Old-fashioned detached RESIDENCE, in nice open country, 1½ miles well-served stations, Waterloo 30 minutes: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling for 4; outbuildings and glass; lawns, orchard, and paddock; gas and Co.'s water.—DUDLEY W. HARRIS and Co., Auctioneers, Feltham, and at Staines.

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TO BE SOLD, with possession, small comfortable RESIDENCE, standing in ¾ of an acre, with 2-stall stable and coach or motor-house; charming old gardens; 500ft. above sea; perfect condition; modern drainage; excellent bathroom; Colne Valley water; gas.—Apply, MR. SALMON, 8, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

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BRACING POSITION, 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

£3,000.—**FOR SALE,** a beautifully placed COUNTRY PROPERTY, including picturesque modern House, fitted with all modern improvements and in perfect order: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; gas; modern drainage; delightful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, walled kitchen and fruit gardens; golf.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE AND 156 ACRES.

MANY UNIQUE AND INTERESTING FEATURES.

WILTS.—The most favourite part of the county, splendidly placed for hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's.

£7,000.—**FOR SALE, FREEHOLD,** singularly attractive ESTATE of 156 acres, including an interesting old House of medium size (easily enlarged if desired), containing:

VERY FINE OLD OAK PANELLING AND OAK STAIRCASE.

The land is practically all rich pasture, and is bounded by trout stream; stabling, farm-buildings, cottages.—Full particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

IMPORTANT ESTATE OF ABOUT 1,600 ACRES OR LESS.

FINE HOUSE, LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

HUNTING WITH WHADDON CHASE AND GRAFTON.

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RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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The House, when restored, would contain: large sitting hall, drawing room, dining room, offices, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

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CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE WITH HORSHAM SLAB ROOF, GREAT OAKEN BEAMS, AND OTHER CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES.

7 bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room, hall, 3 reception rooms, spacious offices. Other accommodation could easily be added.

70 ACRES OF FIRST-CLASS LAND, BOUNDED FOR A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE BY THE RIVER ARUN.

Ample farm-buildings, pair of cottages; electric light installed; modern drainage; good water supply; gravelly subsoil.—Auctioneers, WILSON and GRAY, as above *(acting in conjunction with Messrs. Collier, Son and Sparkes, Land Agents, Godalming).*

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£140 PER ANNUM.—Fine old-fashioned HOUSE, with 13 bedrooms, bathroom, suite of reception rooms, etc.; stabling; pretty grounds.—Inspected and recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ALSO A LARGER HOUSE (18 BEDROOMS, ETC.) IN SAME LOCALITY, TO BE LET AT A PROPORTIONATELY HIGHER RENT.

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. FULL SOUTH ASPECT.

WILTS.—This extremely attractive LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, consisting of the above-depicted very delightful House, containing: double hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 staircases, 10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 3 horses; motor-house with pit; very charming grounds of 1¾ acres.

Rent, £7 p.a.
Lease, 10 years.
Price, £1,100.

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A perfect old red-brick Queen Anne House, with probably the most beautiful gardens of their size to be found in the County.

LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS, and within easy reach of Reading and Newbury.—To be SOLD, at a very moderate price, a delightful Freehold PROPERTY, including the above-depicted Residence, containing: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc. *Great yew hedges, grand old herbaceous borders, pergolas,* etc., adorn the gardens, and in all the Property covers about 3¾ acres.—*Inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents,* WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.; and at Yeovil.

INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED.

Near golf course. Electric light. Main water. Telephone.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £3,350.

RENT, UNFURNISHED, £145 P.A.

HERTS BORDERS.—To be SOLD, *an extremely attractive Freehold COUNTRY PROPERTY, situate on a Southern slope, and comprising a well-arranged Residence, beautifully secluded in most charming gardens,* and containing: lounge hall (25ft. by 20ft.), 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and first-rate offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY 100, Mount Street, London, W.

Not a hand can get in

to touch your Quaker Oats until you yourself open the packet. Hot and fragrant from the rolls, the large, pure Quaker Oats flakes go straight into the packets and are sealed at once. In all the forty painstaking processes through which Quaker Oats passes, no hand ever touches it.

The exclusive Quaker milling of the Quaker-quality grain results in "the large flake with the special flavour."

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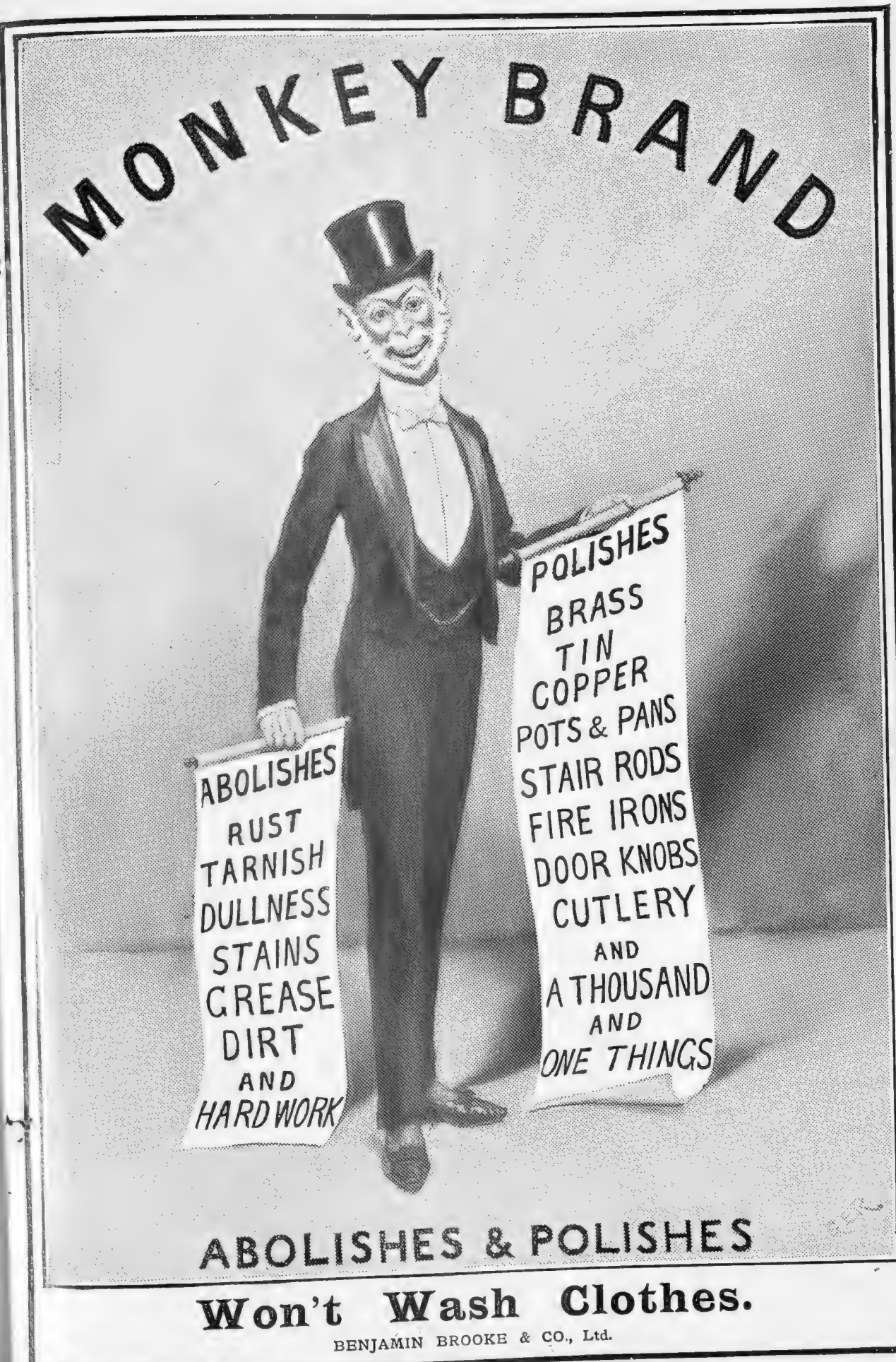
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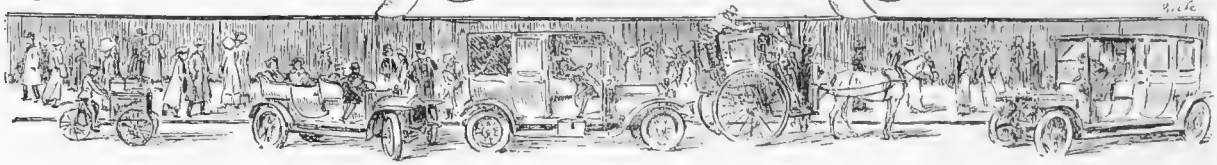

By MRS. JACK MAY

THERE is still in many quarters a most deplorable straining after bizarre effects, inconsequent strappings, and inartistic broken lines. One meets the most amazing spectacles of women endeavouring to pursue their everyday avocation of shopping and visiting clad in impossibly tight and clinging garments, crowned by hats that spell the last word in grotesqueness. The pudding-basin toque is surely touching the zenith of its possibilities, weighed down beneath a mountainous array of piece silk bows, and jammed on the head with a tilt over one eye that would be funny but for the strain of pity that comes over one, femininity lending itself to such clownish tricks.

Enchanting Furs at Debenham and Freebody's

Long before furs became the fetish they are now, when, in fact, they were regarded more in the light of a luxury than a necessity, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody stood in the front rank of favour. And the firm have clung tenaciously to this enviable position, although it is doubtful whether they have ever added more appreciably to their position than is the case this season. The quality of the furs at Wigmore Street, together with the original and charming styles selected for their expression, will be generally acknowledged as supreme.

Foremost among the novelties in sets comes a stole and great granny muff modelled on the lines of those in vogue during the very early Victorian era. The stole of seal musquash is not extravagantly wide, and the ends are hemmed up to the depth of about 6in. with sable, the sides of the muff being similarly treated, only half the depth of sable, however, being used. Other seal musquash stoles of extravagant Empire character are lined with self-coloured satin, which is permitted primarily to reveal its presence by a tiny projecting fold. It is easy enough to prognosticate a big success for this latter departure, more particularly in the case of the stoles arranged to be worn with a square effect across the front.

A Beautiful Wrap of Seal Musquash

(Sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's by Dorothy Millar)

Particularly large and covetable purchases have been made by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody of Kolinski sables, and they propose to take in connection with this pelt the slightest margin of profits, although in appearance Kolinski very closely resembles the more costly class of sables. As goes without saying, it is put through a certain process of dyeing, and it is the particular process adopted by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody that so materially enhances the value of their productions.

Cross-fox is another notable speciality, as also is ermine, the latter skins having been bought with such a prodigal hand, and, consequently, at a low price, that the firm are able to start smart little ermine ties with real tails as low as 29*s.* 6*d.*,

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from Cold,	*Soreness of*
the Limbs after exercise	

is best treated by using ELLIMAN'S *according to the information* given in the Elliman R.E.P. booklet 96 pages, (illustrated) which is placed inside cartons with all bottles of Elliman's price 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/-. The R.E.P. booklet also contains other information of such practical value as to cause it to be in demand for First Aid and other purposes; also for its recipes in respect of Sick Room requisites. *Elliman's added to the Bath is beneficial.*

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In finest silk-finished yarns, all sizes and colours, price 2/- each.

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I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.), 4, Duke St., Adelphi, London, W.C.

the lowest-priced muff standing at 4½ gns. Similarly big dealings have been made in seal musquash, with the result that, although the retail price has sprung a 70 per cent. increase since last season, they are in a position at Wigmore Street to sell the favourite long *paletot* as before at 29 gns.

It may be safely averred that the very latest models in *recherché* wraps are making their début here. The example illustrated is of seal musquash, the fronts opening on inner fronts that extend to the hem of ermine, caught across the centre with knotted silver cords, ermine again fashioning the deep coronation type of cape outlined with skunk. This is a beautiful *manteau*, but only one out of many equally seductive efforts to be found at Wigmore Street.

A Smart Knockabout Suit
(Sketched at Aquascutum, Ltd., 100, Regent Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Evening Frocks of To-day

There can be no two opinions as to the beauty of these. True it is that in many instances they tend, perhaps, to the daringly picturesque, more especially the models, inspiration for which has been culled directly from the most irresponsible phases of the First Empire, when the Empress Josephine was at her zenith. The upper part of these frocks are a mere incident, and as transparent as decency will permit.

I have before me as I write an exquisite vision of the softest shell-pink satin, partially veiled in a high-waist tunic of white *ninon*, embroidered in an Empire design with floss silk, porcelain bugles, and *dimante*, a laurel-wreath device starting from a centre ornament and developing to pass over either hip. The corsage comprises the merest suggestion of a drapery, outlined by a curved line of this laurel-leaf embroidery, supplemented by a chemisette—really little more than a tucker—and chemise sleeves of the finest pin-spot tulle. About the waist a gorgeous jewelled girdle concentrates a point of interest, on which mammoth unpolished emerald *cabochons* play a leading rôle.

Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street

Whence comes the sudden craze for blanket coats? These are literally everywhere, and selling with a celerity that betokens some extremely urgent need. Needless to say, the Aquascutum people are in the forefront of the fray with a model peculiarly neat and smart in style, and offered in a seductive range of fancy green shades at 4½ gns. They are, moreover, strongly recommending a fleecy make of cloth that is very like blanket in general aspect, while being considerably lighter in weight. Both these wrap-coats, however, are stamped with the Aquascutum hall-mark of perfection.

The "Alma" is the latest Aquascutum ulster, an unrivalled example of the all-round useful wrap suitable for combating successfully all classes of weather. In sports costumes the Aquascutum firm is soaring ahead. This particular branch of tailoring was necessarily held in abeyance for a space by the great stress of work entailed by the continuous run on coats.

A Smart Knockabout Suit

But once taken up in earnest, the same success has been achieved, and those who realise the essentials of a smart knockabout suit will readily bestow praise on the model selected for pictorial illustration.

Homespun is the fabricating medium, the coat fitted to the figure closely at the back, but left with a suggestion of easiness in front, a fact revealed as the belt is drawn into position. A novel feature in the skirt is the fold either side the front, which is held in abeyance by buttons and buttonholes. Thus presented, the skirt is suitable to golfing, shooting, or any ordinary country pursuit, whereas, the pleats freed, there is at once revealed the ideal *jupe* for mountaineering. It is a capital idea, admirably executed, and well worthy of being associated with the fame of Aquascutum, Ltd.

Autumn Fashions at Shoolbred's

Shoolbred's autumn show of the latest models, fabrics, colours, and ideas, both British and Continental, is being held in all departments at Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, during this week. A visit of inspection should certainly be made by all and sundry.

PERFECT SKIN HEALTH

And how to obtain it

WHEN anything affects the health of the scarf or outer skin, some form of skin trouble always results. When this occurs, whatever the variety of skin complaint, or however it has been caused, the one question asked by the sufferer is, "How can I free myself from skin trouble or blemish, and render my skin clear, healthy, and spotless once again?" There is a very simple answer: "Use Antexema, the one skin remedy that never fails to cure." If Antexema be used, the instructions given in the booklet on "Skin Troubles" (enclosed with every bottle) followed out, and a little patience and perseverance exercised, a cure will in every case be gained, even in the worst cases. Where the trouble is only slight, and consists merely of redness or roughness of the skin, a slight rash, or something of that kind, a cure will be effected in a day or two. If, on the other hand, the trouble be very severe, has lasted for years, and resisted all attempts to cure it, Antexema will naturally take a little longer, but is just as certain to make an end of the trouble, and restore your lost skin health.

Even the worst affections of the skin start from small beginnings, and are easily curable in their early stages. There would not be a fraction of the discomfort and disfigurement that unfortunately exists as a result of skin complaints if attention was given to the matter as soon as the first signs of skin illness show themselves.

The variety of skin complaints is innumerable, and anyone looking through the little treatise, "Skin Troubles," will find valuable information in regard to the following skin ailments and diseases:

Acne, babies' skin troubles, bad complexions, barber's rash, boils, blotches, burns and scalds, easily chapped skin; skin troubles affecting the ears, eyes, feet, hands, and scalp; eczema, both dry, scaly, and weeping; eczema of the legs; prickly heat, facial blemishes, gouty eczema, leg wounds, nettlerash, pimples; psoriasis and ringworm. These are a few of the troubles that affect the skin, many of them unsightly, and all causing discomfort, if not pain, and if you are troubled with any such complaint you owe it to yourself to read our interesting little treatise and learn about the wonderful cures that Antexema works.

There are very special advantages that Antexema possesses which render it particularly acceptable. Antexema is not an ointment, but a creamy liquid, which is immediately absorbed, so that it is invisible on the skin, and all irritation, inflammation, or pain stops the instant this wonderful remedy touches the bad place. When the skin is so inflamed as to feel as though a fire were in contact with it, Antexema is deliciously cooling and soothing, but beyond this it is extraordinarily healing, and that is where it differs so greatly from cold cream and other emollients which are destitute of curative virtues. Antexema was the discovery of a well-known doctor who made a special study of skin ailments, and the cures Antexema has worked are almost beyond belief.

As skin ailments are so prevalent, it is inevitable that doctors should have tens of thousands of patients from this cause, and scores of so-called remedies should be offered to the public. One after another of these have been tried and found wanting during the last quarter of a century, whilst Antexema every day adds to its popularity with nurses, doctors, and the public. The innumerable letters received every month prove clearly how great is the number of sufferers who fail to obtain permanent or even temporary relief from ordinary medical treatment, and all such are confidently recommended to adopt the never-failing Antexema treatment. Former sufferers write in terms of the warmest gratitude consequent upon the immediate relief they gained by using Antexema, and the absolute freedom they now enjoy from any signs of skin trouble. The twenty-five years' record of Antexema proves it to be unequalled as a skin remedy. This is due to the fact that it is not a quack nostrum, but a scientific remedy, and every bottle is made up from the original formula, under proper supervision, so that its curative value is always the same. Get a bottle, and see the difference it makes in the health and appearance of your skin.

Get a bottle of Antexema to-day. There is no difficulty about it. Every chemist, pharmacist, and store, including Boots', Lewis and Burrow's, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, and all cash chemists supply Antexema at 1/1½ and 2/9, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/9 from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

Antexema should find a place in every home, nursery, and on every dressing table. Its prompt use at the first sign of skin illness prevents more serious troubles

The Editor's Box

Coronet Theatre

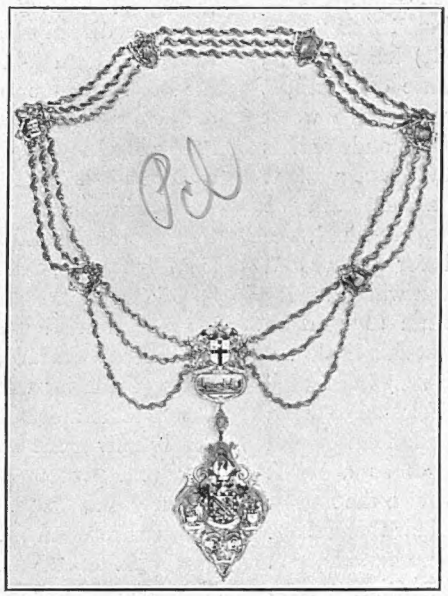
Mr. Robert Arthur has found a very realistic little piece, called *Home Truths*, written by the very popular writer, Effie Adelaide Rowlands, which was staged at the Coronet last Wednesday evening before Madame Albanesi's play, *Sister Anne*. The latter is now going very crisply, and is drawing appreciative audiences, so that it is likely to remain in the bill until well on in the winter.

The New Overcoats

As the evenings get chilly one begins to think of ordering a nice warm overcoat. The chief features of overcoats this season are ease and warmth without weight—a desirable combination which is not so easily obtained as one would think. I saw a very smart and useful overcoat at Messrs. Cubitt's, 223, Oxford Street, last week, and I think it deserving of more than passing mention. It was made in the double-breasted style, with rather long lapels, and was unlined except across the top of the back and in the sleeves, which were lined with silk. The material was a thick, woolly, soft grey cloth called "fleece," and was particularly light in weight. I was shown a very fine range of colours in this overcoating at prices ranging from 70*s.* for a coat—the prices striking me as being extremely moderate. I might mention once more, for the benefit of those readers who care for good tailoring, that Messrs. Cubitt's business is conducted in a very quiet and nice way, on a first floor, away from the bustle of the street, and that one can be always sure of having the personal attention of the principal, which means so much in the direction of satisfaction. Here, indeed, is to be found tailoring which will satisfy the most fastidious taste, at prices which will suit the most moderate purse—a happy combination which I can strongly recommend.

Presentation to Mr. H. C. Buckingham

A gold chain and badge of office was presented to Mr. Sheriff-Elect H. C. Buckingham on September 26, 1910. The chain is of 18-ct. gold, and consists of a series of flexible scroll links, divided into three strands and connected at intervals by shields bearing, in enamel, the arms of the Skinners, the Fruiterers, the Loriners, the Spectacle Makers' Livery Companies, and the Arms of Truro and Harrow School. The centre link contains the Arms of the City of London. Below the centre link is an ornamental shield bearing an enamel



The Gold Chain and Badge of Office Presented to Mr. Sheriff-Elect H. C. Buckingham

painted view of Old Cripplegate and St. Giles's Church, and suspended from this shield is a cluster of fine diamonds, to which a badge is attached. The badge is also made of 18-ct. gold, and bears in the centre the arms of the Sheriff-Elect, surrounded by the arms of the Skinners Company, Truro, and Harrow School. The chain and badge were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., 112, Regent St., London, W.

"Koh-i-Noor House"

Kingsway will soon be one of the show-places of the Metropolis, a street of handsome buildings, and a thoroughfare so wide that you will wonder if you are in a new London. And so you are, for here a new business centre has sprung up where modern business men can cope with the demands of business in modern business buildings. As we write, another new structure is rapidly nearing completion. It is to be the London home of the "Koh-i-Noor" Pencil and Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—two products whose fame is only bounded by civilisation itself. The building is appropriately named "Koh-i-Noor House," and its erection has been necessitated by the constant expansion of trade in the goods mentioned. The work has been carried out by Mr. James Carmichael, of Wandsworth, from the design of Messrs. J. S. Gibson, Skipworth and Gordon, architects, of 5, Old Bond Street, W.; the carving is by Mr. Gilbert Searle. Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, the world-renowned pencil manufacturers, are to be congratulated upon having secured such an excellent site and also on the palatial building soon to be occupied.

Shine, Sir!

The secret of the great success of all Messrs. Brown's productions lies in the fact that the guiding principle in their manufacture is that only materials of the best quality may be used and scrupulous care must be taken in the making. The prudence of this policy has proved itself over and over again in the high reputation enjoyed by all the firm's specialities, the discriminating public appreciating quality as being true economy. The lady of the house studies quality when she orders Meltonian Blacking, because of its supreme value. It not only yields a lustre equal to the most brilliant patent leather, but it renders the boots beautifully soft, durable, and waterproof. Meltonian Paste is excellent for box-calf and glacé kid boots, and may be obtained in black and brown. Meltonian Cream is made in black and white, and it not only beautifies, but preserves the footwear wonderfully. And so on with all this firm's specialities.

ILEITA Cream

offers a pleasant and effective method of removing all Skin Blemishes. It is invaluable for Dry Eczema, and is approved by the Medical Faculty as the

GREAT REMEDY for SKIN TROUBLES

ILEITA CREAM strikes at the root of the trouble by cleansing the pores and removing acidity, and thus confers real healthy beauty.

Write for Charming Booklet sent post free.

IN POTS, 2/9 and 4/6. Prepared for the ILEITA CO., by MRS. CULLEN, 14, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

20 YEARS REPUTATION

The Evening Meal

A heavy meal at the end of the day is generally followed by a restless night. On the other hand it is not wise to go to bed fasting.

A cup of Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is an admirable thing to take the last thing at night, as, besides being highly nourishing and soothing, it is very easily digested. People who are unable to take tea, coffee, or ordinary cocoa can digest it with ease and much appreciate its delicious flavour. It is highly beneficial to the brain worker, those who suffer from "nerves" or any digestive weakness.

The following testimony should be of interest:—"Ordinary cocoa for supper used to cause sleeplessness and a headache in the morning, whereas I can take yours and sleep well after it, rising quite refreshed." Tins 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*, of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d., POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, post free, for 3*d.* by Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond Street, London. (Mention *The Bystander*.)

Savory & Moore's PEPTONISED COCOA & MILK